

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

23 APR 1941

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

April 26, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3



There's method in my moving mania

Furniture hurtling
and new faces
keep me happy

By ELWYNE SHAW

We're moving. Not that this is a novel occurrence. Sometimes when I look back over our chequered housing career I feel that our life has been just one removalist after another.

As I point out to John, there has been a good reason for all our moves.

Sometimes the flats were hot and sometimes they were cold; sometimes the district was beyond our means and sometimes we felt superior to the district; sometimes the landlady didn't like us and sometimes we didn't like the landlord.

JOHN says it's just my annual or biennial attack of moving fever... and in the watches of the night, when I really tell myself the truth, I know it's a fact that... I LIKE MOVING.

To-morrow a dark man is coming into my life, a dark man with blue overalls and a fixed idea that a three-foot doorway is wider—and weaker—than a four-foot desk.

Ignoring me completely, he will throw my china into boxes, heave my best furniture violently into an over-crowded paint technician—breaking only



"HE THROWS my best furniture into an over-crowded paint technician."



A REMOVALIST is a man with a fixed idea that a three-foot doorway is wider (and weaker) than a four-foot desk.

two or three pieces of my priceless Venetian glass—and take it all to a flat exactly the same six blocks away.

John says sarcastically that the new flat is only slightly smaller and slightly darker than the present one, that the rent is only two shillings a week less, offset by the fact that refrigeration is not included.

He says, furthermore, that my real reason for shifting is to get a new set of neighbors.

I think it goes deeper than that. Something to do with woman's homemaking instinct.

Anyway, the To Let columns always produce a kind of quivering excitement in me. I have only to read "bedroom, lounge, kitchen, h. and c. views" and I can see my battered tapestry Chesterfield suite taking on a strange new lease of life in fresh surroundings.

Briefly, moving is a symphony in three major movements. These are:

- (1) Selecting the flat. A slow opening movement in which the landlord and tenant approach each other warily and slowly beat about the bush.
- (2) Moving into it. (A kind of witches' Sabbath during which no one can remember where on earth the brooms were put.)
- (3) Trying to live in it. (Similar theme to the first movement, during which tenant advances towards landlord bearing a Complaint and landlord retreats majestically behind a Clause in the Lease.)

The first step, selecting the flat, is accomplished in any of three methods.

- (1) Remote Control: This is also known as renting from plans. Personally I cannot understand diagrams, and once almost took a lease of a basement.
- (2) The Plaster Dust method: This is renting in an unfinished building. The agent always explains that "Of course with the furniture it will look much larger." This is nonsense.
- (3) The "Hope We're Not Disturbing-You Method." This is by far the most interesting way. You inspect flats while the people are about to escape from them (or move). Since the tenant always exclaims "Why must they pick such an inconvenient time," there is generally some tension.

Put and take

THEN, at last we Move. Strangely enough the new tenant for our flat always wants to move in at some incredible time in the morning, and the old tenant of our new flat always fails to get out before afternoon.

Last time we moved our successor rang us at seven a.m. and said all his furniture would be downstairs in ten minutes.

"Tell him to go away," said John, and snored again.

I shook him, displaying signs of incipient hysteria.

He groaned, growled, and finally rang the old tenant of our new flat.

"But we can't possibly leave



WHY not heave the refrigerator through the window? Removalists are remarkable for their optimism.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MAJOR-GENERAL S. R. BURSTON

A.I.F. medical

ABROAD for the second time with the A.I.F., Major-General S. R. Burston, South Australian soldier doctor, was recently appointed Director of Medical Services, A.I.F. He has been in the Middle East for the past ten months.

Major-General Burston was awarded the D.S.O. and C.B.E. in the last war, when he served with the Australian Army Medical Corps from 1915 to 1920. For several years he was Lecturer in Clinical Medicine at Adelaide University.



LADY OAKES

£1750 p.a. for A.I.F.

WIFE of "golden" Sir Harry Oakes, Lady Oakes, formerly Miss Eunice McIntyre, of Sydney, has donated £1750 a year for the duration of the war to the All Australian Comforts Fund. "I am doing this because I am so proud of the A.I.F.," she writes from her home in the Bahamas.

Before her marriage to one of the world's richest men, Lady Oakes was a typist in a Sydney bank.



DR. J. CONANT

Speeding-up expert

BESPECTACLED young president of Harvard University, Dr. James Conant, recently travelled to England.

A research chemist, Dr. Conant led a group of scientists appointed by President Roosevelt to collect and expedite to Washington information of importance to U.S.A. National Defence Research Committee on England's war machinery.

Put yourself in this scene...

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only, it can be the experience of every girl—if she but understands the art of fascination and how to appear well-groomed. But one thing all men admire is a soft, adorable complexion. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can add that smooth, pearl-like lustre. Delicate as a butterfly's wing, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its haunting fragrance surrounding the wearer with a suggestion of unforgettable charm.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN and NATURAL: Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1 tube

£10.27

Continuing . . .

KITTY FOYLE

By

Christopher Morley

WHO'S WHO in the Story

KITTY herself. She tells of her life from early childhood. In their humble Philadelphia home. Because her deep love keeps him constantly in her thoughts, Kitty refers often to

WYNNEWOOD STRAFFORD ("Wyn"), son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families. In her early childhood, Kitty keeps house with the help of

MYRTLE, faithful colored servant, for her adored **POP** and brother **MAC**. Later, she goes to Illinois, to stay with

UNCLE ELMER and **AUNT HATTIE**, who send her to High School. During this time, she chums up with **MOLLY SCHARP**, and the two girls share together the routine, fun and adventures of their High School years.

Now read on.

You can't clean up all outdoors, Uncle Elmer grunted as he savaged over the lawn, trying to collect every stray leaf and twig and rubbish. He had a permanent callous on his finger from using the clippers on the edge of the concrete sidewalk.

Unless you've gone through a Middle West high school graduation you don't know how the world really can be cleaned up and regulated and shampooed to a climax.

Nineteen twenty-eight was the first class that had its whole four years in the new building and our graduation was a honey. From Easter on all of us kids were caught in a rising flood of events. I wouldn't be surprised if's good for people to feel so important; we were regular little Fascists.

Molly and Peg Ramsauer and I were taken into Gammagum, a secret society that was under solemn pledge to elevate the tone of the female side of the school. Fedor, Molly's boy friend with the aluminium leg, was editor of "Harvest," the senior annual, and he made us work like dogs.

We tramped town digging up ads. from the merchants. It was a thrill when Molly and I cracked down on the Mode in Paris and sold them a full page on the promise we would buy our graduation dresses (white net) there. Some of the girls who had fat legs tried to start a movement in favor of longer dresses, but it didn't get anywhere because of course they wouldn't admit what was worrying them.

Part of the Gammagum pledge was that before being initiated you had to say if you had done anything to damage the school ethics. Like a fool I took this seriously and when the committee hidden behind the screen asked me the question I admitted that at the Princeton game Freddie Unruh kissed me back of the bandstand.

I could hear them groaning, pretending to be shocked, when they couldn't help laughing and said that most of the kids in Gammagum had been kissed by Freddie usually at Clubfoot Lake, which was his romantic specialty.

He wasn't much at lessons, he got the idea of wearing dark glasses because he said the light hurt his eyes, but actually it was so he could take a little nap in Latin class. He always carried a comb in his vest, you could tell when he was awake because he'd run it through his hair. A teacher said once, "Freddie, if you'd comb the text as faithfully as you do your hair I could give you a better mark." Freddie didn't worry, he was a star halfback and already had a scholarship offer from a State University.

Seems funny, but I really went to town on my studies. Some ways I was a keep-to-myself sort of kid; both in Frankford with Pop and in school at Manitou I had a feeling I

was a little outside of what the crowd was doing, sort of watching the game. But I got interested in the work and had more than the fifteen units needed for entrance at Prairie.

Uncle and Auntie offered to put me through college and old Pop was awfully tickled. What is really comical, I was supposed to be literary, which got me into a tough chore. Every member of the class had to have a quotation to go under his or her picture in "Harvest." I got Molly to help me because she had a better line on most of the kids than I did.

Good old Miss Elliman—she was our literature teacher—saved our lives by turning us loose on some dictionary of literary wisecracks. We took it home from the school library and got about two hundred index cards from Mr. Scharf's store, one for each boy and girl in the class. Then we copied out a quotation on each card and had a grand time finding individuals to fit them to.

Molly wanted to hang on me "There is no frigate like a book," which Miss Elliman was always saying, but I wouldn't stand for it. We both rather hankered for "Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks," but Molly gave it to me for my habit of blushing. We had one quotation left over and couldn't find any one to label with it so Molly took it herself: "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou."

There were a lot of opportunities in this job to hurt people's feelings but we managed to avoid them. Our biggest flop we discovered just in time. We were so fond of Fedor Vassily and admired him so much, we thought the perfect piece for him would be

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly

From its firm base as soon as I.

But when it was in proof, we thought this would look like an allusion to poor Fedor's aluminium leg. We had to make a quick change, so we took one of the female quotes. I forget what, changed her to him and let it ride.

There was the Senior Prom with its terrible problems. Fedor embarrassed me by asking me to go as his partner, which of course I couldn't do because Molly was supposed to be his girl. Fedor's girl always had a perfectly swell time at any kind of hop because he couldn't dance and so all the best dancers made a point of asking his lady.

Freddie Unruh asked me and I was tempted because I knew that would cause heartburn among some of the glamor girls; but since I heard that Freddie had kissed most every girl I wasn't so keen. I went with Fireplug Mason who was Lyddie's twin brother.

The real problem was to get a partner for Trudy Weissenkorn. None of the boys wanted to be saddled with her, she was heavy on the hoof. But it had to be fixed and Peg and Molly and I held a meeting in the Physics Lab. one day at lunch. We summoned Freddie and Fedor and Fireplug and said we'd all three walk out on them and go to the movies instead if they didn't get some boy to make the grade with Trudy. There was mercury and kerosene in a glass tube for some physics experiment, and Freddie said most of the boys would sooner drink it than get stuck with Trudy.

I got sore and said what was the good of reading all that Lady of the Lake and Sir Scott if they couldn't practise a little chivalry? Molly must have been a bit haywire with what we had been through on literary quotations because she grabbed the tube and said she'd drink it herself if they couldn't be gentlemen.

Please turn to page 40



Kitty looked admiringly at Delphine.



Delphine, poised, perfectly groomed.

SENTENCE BEFORE TRIAL

Danger lay ahead . . . and Una walked straight into it.

THE taxi fare from the Water Gate, Gibraltar, to the Customs House on the Spanish frontier is one peseta. In the normal way, Una Morland would have had a taxi to herself. A half-dozen or more, together with several ramshackle horse-coaches and a couple of buses, are parked, as a rule, near the low arch of the Water Gate.

But to-day Una came through the arch, emerging from its shadow into the glare of the moat-like road, at an awkward hour.

It was late afternoon. From the great, glass-domed market on her left there had poured a few minutes before a crowd of the black-shawled women and blue-shirted men who come across from Spain each day to sell eggs, chickens, and greenstuff. Men and women alike had stormed the available vehicles, cramming into the buses and riding five to a taxi or horse-coach.

So that when Una came through the Water Gate the road between the casemates was practically deserted, and there was only one taxi on the rank. It was a big, old-fashioned car, its engine was running, and there were already people in it.

Una stopped—a slender, hatless girl in a white frock, carrying a fleecy white "swagger" coat over her arm. But the taxi-driver, who had been cranking the car, noticed her, and waved the starting-handle.

"One seat, mees! Pronto!"

Una was in a hurry. She walked forward quickly—and at the same moment a man emerged from one of the dark little cafes built in the casemate, and crossed to the taxi with long strides. He had the door open and a foot on the running-board before Una arrived.

The driver grimaced at her through the cracked windscreen. "One seat only, mees!"

The newcomer glanced round at Una—and stepped back abruptly, straightening up. He was a young man, tall, in a hard-worn, grey suit, and a felt hat turned down all the way round. He said, "So sorry, I didn't notice," and as she hesitated, "Go on. It's yours," he urged.

"Well—thanks very much," Una said, and smiled. She took the vacant seat, the amiable stranger closed the door on her, and the taxi started forward with a snash of gears.

"I know you, mees—see you plenty time," said the driver. "You work-a Peak Hotel."

Una admitted it. She was assistant manageress. It was only natural that the driver should know her, for in Gibraltar everybody knew all about everybody; which was why she couldn't help wondering who that Samaritan was who had given her his seat. She had never seen him before.

The taxi rattled on. At the end of the ruled avenue between hutments and racecourse was the gate to the neutral territory—the scorched, flat, treeless common between British ground and Spain. Customs officers in khaki, and police uniformed like the London police, stopped the taxis and horse-coaches as they came through.

"Plenty strict now, hein?" the driver commented to Una. "Got to have passes nowadays."

He pulled up opposite the Customs House, and a bulky, dark-faced man in a white duck suit and a buff-colored panama, who stood in the doorway rolling a cigarette, caught Una's eye. His numerous chins creased in a smile as he came across to her.

"Well, Mees Morland—I am excused yet for beeg scandal at Peak Hotel, please?"

Una said, "That's old stuff now, Inspector Sacarello. If you'll just lure them outside before you arrest any more of our guests we'll let bygones be bygones."

She laughed as she said it, but it had been no laughing matter at the time. The day before war broke out—ages ago, that seemed—there



A third man, armed with a knife, came stealing up upon the combatants.

had come to the hotel a German, Dr. Otto Scheele. He had landed, perforce, with half a dozen other passengers from a Brazilian cargo-ship which had been towed in with serious trouble necessitating dry dock.

This had proved unfortunate for Dr. Scheele, whose passport, owing to some irregularity, had been still in Inspector Sacarello's hands when news of the declaration of war came through. The inspector had immediately called at the hotel for Dr. Scheele, who had taken so overwrought a view of internment that he had produced right there in the hall a large automatic—which in any case he ought to have declared when landing.

Such guests as were within range at the time had dived unanimously for cover; and though Inspector Sacarello had been too quick for the highly-strung doctor, so that no actual shots had profaned the high-class hall of the Peak Hotel, yet it had been for Una a vivid experience.

RECALLING her expression of blank surprise at the occurrence, the big inspector chuckled. He told her: "The good Dr. Scheele, he interned very cosy on Rock here for duration."

He took the passes from the Customs officer who had been examining them. He stooped, and, through the window, ran his dark, twinkling eyes over the other people in the taxi. Then he returned the passes to their owners, and as he gave Una hers asked, "Why you go over Spain, Mees Morland?"

"I always go over on Wednesday," Una said. "We aren't using our summer annexe at Campamento. I run over to pay the caretaker and look round and see everything's all right."

"Smart hotel woman, you," the inspector beamed. He slapped the taxi-door with a large hand, nodded at the driver, "Pass, hombre."

The taxi rattled out between the gentries on to the straight road across the neutral territory, No Man's Land. On either side across the sere common the sea flashed, seeming higher than ground-level. Straight ahead, across the neck of land, stretched the Spanish fence, with the gaunt, grey-white Customs House' entry to Spain, standing

four-square in its centre. Taxis, buses and horse-coaches were drawn up before the building. Mounted Civil Guards kept a watchful eye on the traffic.

Una paid her share of the taxi fare and hurried in under the arch through the Customs House. She had to show her passport and still another pass—the Spanish Aduana pass—before she was waved through; and as she emerged at the other end of the arch a horse-coach clattered across the cobbled street to her. The unshaven, ragged driver leaned down eagerly from his seat.

"Coche, senorita?"

"Si. A Campamento." She climbed in under the patched canvas canopy, and the driver whipped up his poor old horse. The sea, and the long row of small, white houses which faced it across the road, fell behind, and the horse plodded on deliberately between eucalyptus trees and clumps of dusty cactus.

Una put on her coat and wished she had been able to get away earlier. Soon there would be no light left. She bit her lip with impatience as the horse's clip-clop dropped to a walk. In a moment the coach came to a standstill before a man and a woman who stood at the roadside.

On this side of the frontier, as on the other, it was the custom, provided the first comer agreed—his agreement was taken for granted, anyway—to pick up extra passengers, who then shared the fare.

The man held a cheap fibre suitcase in his left hand. He wore a black suit and a beret, and his right hand was cupped under the woman's arm. She, too, was in black. Her dress reached to her ankles, and—a common enough sight in Spain—a heavy mourning-veil completely covered her head and face.

The man nodded to Una. "Permisso," he said mechanically, and handed the woman in.

She took the seat opposite Una, and the man sat down beside her. The coachman shouted, "Arree!" and the coach started off again.

Una drew further into her corner to catch the breeze which blew in under the canopy. It refreshed her, blowing her thick hair straight back from her forehead. But the veiled woman complained querulously of cold, and the man untied



"One seat, mees!" the taxi-driver cried to Una.

Exciting Mystery Story...

By BARRY PEROWNE

the tapes which looped back the weather-worn canvas curtains on his side of the coach. He drew the curtains together with a rasp of rusty rings. Then he leaned across between Una and the woman. "Per-miso," he said to Una, untied the tapes, and drew the curtains on that side as well.

Una checked an objection. She had only a little way to go now. She parted the curtains an inch or two, looked out—and a silk scarf or handkerchief flicked down past her eyes, settled over her mouth, and jerked tight.

Her heart seemed to burst. Her head snapped back against the man's chest. She saw his face fleetingly, shadowy above her—felt his knuckles at the back of her head as he knotted the scarf, dragging the thick coil of her hair down about her shoulders.

Her hands flew to it. He struck

them down, gripped her shoulders, thrust her back hard into her corner. He wrenched her coat open, forced it back over her shoulders, down her arms, and jerked it clear.

Her hands were free for an instant. She struck at him furiously, trying to cry out, but he caught her wrists and looped another scarf over her hands, pulling it tight, knotting it. Then he dropped into the seat beside her, keeping a grip on her bound wrists.

Against the grey, vague light which filtered through the canvas the veiled woman loomed darkly, searching the pockets of Una's coat.

A lighter clicked and flared in the man's left hand. The woman leaned forward, Una's passport and Spanish and British passes in her hand. The man held the light close. The woman flicked over the pages of the passport, then she nodded her veiled head quickly.

THE man snapped out the lighter. The interior of the coach seemed pitch dark, but after a moment the grey twilight came filtering in again. The woman picked up the suitcase, which had fallen to the floor, put it on the seat beside her, and kept her fingers curled about the handle. Una's coat was thrown over her arm.

The man, holding the curtains slightly open with his free hand, was peering out obliquely. The horse had dropped to a walk. After a minute it came to a standstill, and the desperate hope crossed Una's mind that this might be Campamento—that when she didn't emerge the driver would descend and open the curtains.

She listened intently. The man, peering out, and the woman, leaning forward, were as still as she. Suddenly a hand slapped the top of the canopy, and as though it were a signal the man in the beret jerked the curtain open. The veiled woman caught up the suitcase and Una's coat, and stepped down into the road.

Just opposite, in semi-darkness under a clump of eucalyptus trees, stood a second coach, facing the other way. Its curtains were drawn. The driver, stood beside it, lighting the candle-lamp. Without looking at the woman, he reached out a hand and parted the curtain for her. She stepped into the coach.

Inside the coach she had left, the man in the beret maintained his grip on Una's bound wrists, but he let go the curtain he held, and as he did so the coach jerked and began to move again. To Una it was like some ghastly dream. She felt that if only she could make some sound, some cry for help, the spell would be shattered. But she could make no sound.

It was quite dark in the coach now. Presently lights began to show, vaguely yellow, through the stained canvas. She knew they were passing through the village, Campamento, her destination. She struggled silently and furiously, with all her strength, but the man held her until she relaxed, exhausted.

By the time she had got her breath back the lights and sounds of the village had passed. Then the coach turned to the left. Hoofs and wheels were muted by sand, but the squeak of springs and jangle of harness continued. Una knew just where they were—a lane, overhung by trees, which led down to the beach, curving in a vast, empty sweep for miles around the bay, to Algeiras.

While I go marching

I dream of home
So dear, and you.
The fairest thing I ever
knew,
While I go marching.

Your lips so soft,
Your eyes so true,
The sweetness and the charm
of you,
While I go marching.

Your happy voice,
Your tender love,
Your faith and trust in God
above,
While I go marching.

Some joyful day,
When war is o'er,
We'll meet, my dear, as ne'er
before,
And we'll go marching
home.

—C.G.C.C.

In a few minutes she heard the long, peaceful sh-sh-SH of the sea, just ahead. The sound grew louder as the coach stopped, tilting to one side and righting itself as the driver climbed down. He pulled open the curtains on Una's side. Behind his dark figure the beach stretched away, pale in the wan light of the rising moon. He took Una's arm and helped her down. The man in the beret, following, reached from behind and gripped her arms above the wrists.

"Untie her."

The driver did so. The man in the beret jerked her arms behind her, held her firmly while the driver tied her wrists again.

"Esta bien," the man in the beret said.

The driver climbed back to his seat. The harness jangled as he turned his horse in the sand. The coach passed out of the moonlight into the dark tunnel of the tree-arched lane.

The night was wide and empty. The moon, nearly full, glimmered obliquely across the broad bay. To the left, the huge outline of Gibraltar bulked formidably against the sky.

The man in the beret said curtly, "Vamonos!" and, gripping Una's arm, headed along the beach in the moonlight to a ruinous, roofless, stone building, set flush with the trees.

The place might have been an old barn or boathouse, but there was a new padlock on the massive door. The man opened it with his left hand, thrust Una in, and she heard the padlock bite shut.

The pulse thudded in her head as she peered about her, trying all the time, vainly, to turn her wrists in the scarf which bound them behind

her. She was frightened, and not for herself.

Her capture had so obviously been planned with care. They must have known that she came across every Wednesday; they must have been watching her for some time, weeks perhaps, making their preparations. The coachman had been bought and placed to trap her. The intention clearly was for the veiled woman to enter Gibraltar on Una's passes and passport. Not veiled. She wouldn't have a chance like that. She had taken Una's coat, and it was plain that in the suitcase she would have appropriate clothes to go under the coat. Probably she had a wig, too, to match Una's hair.

In the curtained coach she would prepare her appearance, and when she stepped out of the coach and walked through the Spanish Customs, showing Una's pass, it would be after dark. Once through the Aduana she would take a taxi. It would be stopped at the British gate. A Customs officer and a policeman would flash their torches into the taxi, but their attention would be principally for her papers.

The woman would get through. Unless something unusual happened—unless, for instance, Inspector Sacarello was still at the gate and started a conversation with "Mees Morland"—the woman would get through. And she wasn't a Spaniard, that was certain.

There was no war with Spain. A Spaniard wouldn't need to steal a passport to enter Gibraltar. The woman was an enemy alien, a Nazi. And she would not be risking her neck on the Rock of Gibraltar for nothing.

Please turn to page 14

Azalea

...STYLED FOR
AUTUMN
SMARTNESS

Autumn winds may be chilly, but you will be smart and warm if you choose "Azalea" for your Autumn wardrobe. Enchanting "Azalea" is the 'P & B' Wool which makes this desirable garment.

Obtain Patons & Baldwins' Specialty Knitting Book No. 129 (Price 6½d., Posted 7½d.) for this and Seven Other Select Hand-Knitwear Fashions.

TASSEL SAMPLES OF 'P & B' WOOLS FREE
Write to Patons and Baldwins Ltd., Dept. 3, 84-94 Flinders Lane, Melbourne C1, or 181 Clarence Street, Sydney

PATONS & BALDWIN'S
Knitting Wools
THE BEST WOOLS FOR THE BEST KNITTING

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

LAUREL LEE stood on the darkened deck of a great glantess of the sea. The mass of steel trembled in its speed; the decks creaked in its haste and the taffrail, against which Laurel was leaning, echoed the frenzied churning of the propellers.

It was, thought Laurel, as if the ship knew herself that behind her lay a world gone mad, and that the people crowded in her vast insides were afraid of the sea that lay beyond the blackened portholes, afraid of that broken, agonised hissing of water that would be the only warning of destruction.

For a brief moment Laurel saw herself smiling up into Peter's eyes. She heard herself saying airily, "Darling, it was perfectly ghastly! Of course, we had a convoy and we felt reasonably safe, but . . . And she would say finally, "Peter, I had to come. No matter—how." She would not say that airily. Her voice would be quiet and grave, and her eyes would

hold his. Because Peter had to understand.

Peter had to understand that it was not the war that had decided her to return home. The screaming of sirens, the terrified rush into air-raid shelters, the horror of bombing had been intolerable things to endure. Yet she had not run in fear from them—only because of them.

There was a subtle difference. The war had not thrown her into a panic, but it had made her conscious for the first time of the shortness of life, the inevitability of death and that love was—important.

Three years ago she had deliberately thrust love out of her life. Love, she had told herself carefully, was exciting and stimulating, but it was not for her. She was Laurel Lee, who was making a glamorous name for herself in the theatre, who had just signed a five-year contract with London Films.

Nothing was important but that. Nothing. So she had pushed Peter Stacy out of her life. Ruthlessly; a sharp, swift wound that would quickly heal.

She hadn't known then that the wound would stay raw around the edges. That there would be nights when she would lie staring at the ceiling, wide-eyed, sleepless—times when memories would stir painfully.

LATER, on there were times, more frequent than she dared admit even to herself, when her theatrical success, her ambition, seemed empty goals and she would feel quite, quite lost. Twice she had booked passage back to New York. And twice, with the echo of applause beating against her ears, she had cancelled it.

But she was going back now. On a British liner that was as dark as the night, portholes black, decks unilluminated and the slim grey shadows of a convoy sliding through the mist at their side.

Inside, the vessel was crowded to capacity with die-hard Americans who had at last found the blitzkrieg more than they could endure—with mothers evacuating their children from its fury. There were cots and mattresses everywhere. And one of the cots was her own.

At Plymouth, before the vessel had turned westward, a newspaperman had snapped her picture. Back in America a war-conscious public would see that Laurel Lee, American actress who had achieved such a brilliant success in London, was returning to New York. They would see a slim girl, with dark hair that fell thick and lustrous about her shoulders, and eyes that were dramatically astonishing.

But it wouldn't be an especially important picture. Not now. There were some big names on board; powerful names that would be quoted on conditions in Europe, and Laurel Lee, for all her fame, wasn't even important on board ship.

Laurel was grateful for the lack

of attention paid her. She wanted to be alone; to think. She wanted to think only of Peter so that when he read her cable and met her at the pier he would be close and real—and not in the least strange. It might not be easy bridging those lost three years, during which she had neither seen nor heard from him. It might not be easy—just at first. Yet, somehow, she had the feeling that when they saw each other again, when he took her hand in his—everything would be all right.

It would be just as it had been that bright November morning when

He had stood beside her bed, a tall young man with sun-bleached hair and mahogany skin and dark, laughing blue eyes. He had taken her hand to feel her pulse, and he had said, grinning at her in a way that was completely of the hospital, and yet not entirely impersonal, "A nasty thing, the appendix. Glad yours is being preserved in alcohol for posterity?"

That was the beginning. He was just the resident of City Hospital making his ten o'clock rounds, and yet when he left everything was different. She knew that fate had thrown her helplessly into a channel

The Actress

DRAMATIC SHORT
STORY

By...

Phyllis Gallagher

was with her the day she sat in the wheel-chair at the lobby door, waiting for the friend who was to drive her home.

"Couldn't you," he had asked gravely, "have a relapse?"

She had smiled up at him. "I'm afraid not. Actually, I feel absurd in this chair. I don't know why I submit so meekly to such medical tyranny."

He had laughed. And then, still grinning: "Look, are you one of those hopelessly old-fashioned people who still cling to their tonsils? I mean, it would be no trick at all to wheel you right around to the elevator . . . Or could I interest you in a nice little pneumonic germ?"

She had done it, then. Looking at him, the armor of caution she had put on vanished. His charm, his laughter, had burned through all the steel of her determination to keep him out of her life. She had said, "Perhaps if you kept an eye on me you could be assured that I—I didn't get my strength back quickly. Then you could take me to the movies where you would track down a nice draughty seat."

He didn't let her finish. He said quickly, "What about Thursday afternoon? I'll be free five hours

There was that Thursday afternoon—and others. And finally there was the Thursday afternoon when they drove up through the park. She could never remember afterwards just where they were when Peter stopped the roadster abruptly, switched off the ignition, and turned and looked at her.

He said quietly, "I love you, Laurel. What are you going to do about me?"

She had sat in silence, wondering if she could still speak, if every part of her were paralyzed. Peter had looked at her, not understanding. "Why, how shy you are!" His arms were suddenly around her, holding her tight. And he kissed her. It was a kiss that lasted rather a long time.

She backed away from him. "Peter—I—I don't love you."

He lifted one eyebrow. "You don't love me?" But he knew that she did. He kissed her again. "It's no go, darling," he whispered. "We're crazy about each other, and you know it. Let us then get to the point. When are you going to marry me?"

When, those words meant, are you going to give up the theatre? It wasn't the poverty of a struggling young physician's wife that he was offering her. The crash had ruined Rosamund Clark's family, but the big white-facaded house in the upper sixties next door to the Clark mansion was still the home of the Stacys.

Peter had never taken her career or her ambition seriously. She hadn't a big name. Her success in Hollywood had been mild and brief. But the part she now had in "Broken Words" was small yet it proved she could act. The columnists and critics had called attention to her, and to-night she had an appointment with a London producer. He was going to show "Broken Words" in London, and perhaps . . . perhaps . . .

All this was flashing through her mind, but before she could speak, could explain any of it to Peter it was too late. He had her in his arms again, and her response was his answer. He whispered into that kiss, "Darling, darling, I was so afraid it might not be like this. That you wouldn't let it be like this."

Please turn to page 8

"So you're married! To Dr. Stacy, isn't it?" said Laurel, contriving somehow to keep her voice casual.

Illustrated
by
WEP

Peter Stacy, walking toward her in his rubber-soled shoes and his stethoscope hanging out of the right hand pocket of his white linen coat, had seen her for the first time—and they both had known that something beautiful and amazing had happened to them.

of which she had not dreamed—or wanted. But she had denied what had happened to her, even as she subtly brought her special around to the subject of Dr. Peter Stacy.

He was, the special said, a very "swell egg"—and a fine doctor. He had six months more as resident of City Hospital, and then he was going into practice with Dr. Charles Reed, the surgeon. The inference was that anyone who was in Dr. Reed's office had, eventually, a brilliant future before him. "Dr. Reed can pick 'em," the special said.

These things Laurel had already sensed about Peter: his ambition—his ability. It wasn't what she wanted to hear. She had said, yawning elaborately, "Of course, Doctor Stacy is mad about one of you nurses, isn't he?"

FOR a moment Rosamund Clark had said nothing, but there was something in her brown eyes, the sudden flush beneath the soft, firm flesh of her cheeks, that gave her away. Laurel thought, amazed and a little irritated, why, she loves him.

Then Rosamund Clark was smiling; she was saying: "I've known Peter Stacy all my life, Miss Lee. We lived next door to each other—before the crash. I've just about come to the conclusion that he's allergic to our so-called weaker sex." And then she had said, abruptly, "Now what about an alcohol rub?"

Under Rosamund Clark's excellent care Laurel was on the road to recovery in a remarkably short time. She stayed at the hospital exactly ten days, and Peter Stacy dropped in to see her as often as possible. He

TIP-TOP TUCKER IN THE TROPICS . . .



"OUR FOOD IS OKAY." Scene inside a mess hut of ripah palm, at tiffin time, somewhere in Malaya.

How army keeps house for our boys in Malaya

By cable from ADELE SHELTON SMITH, touring A.I.F. camps in Malaya. Photographs by W. (Bill) Brindle.

The more I see of the A.I.F., the more amazed I am by their fitness and endurance in this exhausting climate.

The army seems to have the same formula as every woman has—feed the brute. It's the tip-top tucker which keeps the troops fit.

ALL the flowery phrases which make the boys themselves either madly furious or hilariously amused—"the white heroes from the south," "the sun-tanned gods in khaki," or "the laughing giants from down under"—seem almost understatement.

Although it is not yet two months since the men moved in, their officers have been reviewing the housekeeping methods, making improvements and alterations.

Staff officers, specialists in the various branches of army organisation, have been travelling backwards and forwards among all the camps looking for complaints and, wherever possible, taking steps to abolish the causes of them.

They learned, for instance, that the troops were not very keen on locally made bread, as it has a sweet flavor.

So one midnight Saturday four N.S.W. bakers rolled up their sleeves in a new A.I.F. bakery and there was fresh Australian-type bread of Australian flour for breakfast next morning.

And there were Australian hot-cross buns for Easter.

The bread is made in one centre where facilities are available. It is taken on to another town where there is a very big A.I.F. camp and supplied from there, packed in deep square baskets, and driven in big army transports along the roads that radiate to the other camps.

Stores are circulated by the same means. On the A.I.F. menu the bacon comes from Queensland, tinned meat from the Argentine, potatoes, carrots, turnips from England, tinned herrings from England, butter from Australia, frozen meat from Australia, jams, tinned fruit, other tinned food from Canada and Australia.

The boys have complained a bit about the small quantity of Australian tinned fruit, but I was told that there will be more as soon as shipping space is available. In the meantime the A.I.F. took what it could get through British supply channels.

Fresh vegetables are difficult to obtain in this country, and those that are available are different from our own and need different treatment in cooking.



POTATO PEELING for the troops is a man-size job in Malaya just as in Australia. All food is kept in fly-wire enclosures.

A British expert on Malayan cooking is now touring the camps, teaching our own cooks how to get the best out of local vegetables and fruit. Headquarters are also considering bigger use of the magnificent local fish available here, to replace tinned fish.

The troops are now eating, as well as the vegetables we know at home, local spinach, cucumber, ladies' fingers (like small octagonal cucumbers containing large, white, soft seeds with a delicate flavor), brinjal (a purple-skinned marrow) and labu (pumpkin).

These are supplied by Chinese contractors. Vegetables grown in the hot lowlands lack flavor and nourishment, so the A.I.F. obtains its supplies from Cameron Highlands and other mountain districts.

Fruit supplies include locally-grown pineapples and bananas,



"CAN'T BEAT a cup of tea," says this smiling Digger. "It helps to keep you cool."

rambutan—a pretty fruit which looks like a cross between a waratah and a strawberry, with flesh that tastes like a custard apple combined with pineapple—avocado pear, durian—the rough-skinned fruit which smells awful until it is skinned, and tastes like the scent of rose petals—chiku, a fruit that looks like a potato, and custard apples.

In a climate that necessitates two or three changes of clothing daily, laundry is the most pressing problem for everybody, from the General down to the most unsanitorially conscious private.

Washing day

EVERYWHERE you go in the towns and villages for miles around the A.I.F. camps you see line upon line of khaki pants, shirts, and underwear hanging out to dry.

The A.I.F. has contracted with Indian and Chinese dhobys to wash 30 pieces of laundry per week per man.

I went over one of these laundries in one of the biggest camps.

In a huge open shed washing was being sorted. There were several letters from home left in pockets by absent-minded soldiers. These are returned to them with their washing.

Squatting on the floor, Indians in colorful native clothes were marking each man's laundry with distinguishing hieroglyphics.

Instead of marking ink they use the bhala seed, which looks like a hard black prune, and, planted, grows into a huge tree. The marking man dips a darning needle into the top of the seed and it comes out moist and black. He marks the shirt, then rubs lime over it to set the dye.

The laundry is then carried in bundles along to the washing shed where it is boiled in wide, shallow iron vessels over open rubber-tree fires.

Lifted out it drains from boughs placed across the boiling vessels and



OFF DUTY, the boys in Malaya enjoy a meal at the Anzac Buffet run by British women. Preparing the popular order of poached eggs on toast are Mrs. F. Grattan Bellaw (Irish), Mrs. T. A. Buckley (English), and Mrs. J. McCormick (Scots), whose daughter, now Mrs. H. C. Clarke, went to school at Abbotsleigh, Sydney.

is then heaved on to the edge of big stone tanks.

The dhoby then literally thrashes the dirt out. As he tosses the garment up in the air and bashes it down on the stone he lets his breath out in a moan. It is very rhythmic, but a bit eerie.

If clothing is very dirty he scrubs it with a large scrubbing brush. In the words of the A.I.F. they "give the clothes curry."

After two rinsings the clothes are hung on rope lines. No pegs are

used. Two ropes twisted together hold the clothes in place.

The irons, about three times the size of our old "Mrs. Potts" irons, are heated on charcoal fires.

The boys have given the dhobys and the Chinese coolies all sorts of fantastic names.

I met Cheerful, Kiwi and Oxo. Oxo is specially pleased with his, as he was told it was the name of a great Australian leader.

Other photographs page 11



Choose
Pelaco
Shirts

THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT...AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE SMARTER

Pelaco SHIRTS

WITH
SPOTWELDED
COLLARS

COLD WINDS— Chapped Skin



Keep hands soft with
HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

Softens. Smooths. Protects.
1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

FREE OFFER!

To put
satisfaction in your hair read this advert. with
your name, address and colour of your hair
to Box 100-00, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. post.
Camellia Tonic will be sent free.

W.W.26/4/41

It was madness, Laurel had told herself later. It wouldn't work out. She was to see Peter on Friday night and, as he had said, "There's a little Hindu rite called matrimony. We'll talk that over..."

But she didn't see him again. On Friday night she was on an ocean liner with a contract in her purse signed by a famous London producer. She was leaning against a taffrail like this one. Only then she was going away from Peter Stacy. Now she was going back, crawling back on her knees if necessary...

Laurel turned away from the taffrail, and walked slowly along the deck to the crowded salon. Its occupants looked up when she came

in. She was not Laurel Lee, the actress; she was just a slim girl who was sharing the costs in this salon with them. She was the girl who had given face powder to one, and mauve-colored silk thread to another, and who had watched over two impudent little boys while their mother snatched a little rest.

Suddenly, Laurel felt her heart catch and a shortness of breath in her mouth. On a cot beside her own there was a young woman with a small child on her lap. She was undressing the little boy, pausing now and then to lavish on him fierce, possessive embraces as if her thoughts were flying back to Europe; back to children like her own who would shake with terror when sirens screamed, who were separated from

The Actress

Continued from page 6

their mothers and fathers in the evacuation from the big cities.

And then, all at once, her heart began to beat wildly. For the woman on the cot turned and over the riot of golden curls on her son's head she looked at Laurel. Looked, and turned white, but she smiled.

Rosamund Clark said: "Why, Miss Lee..." The slender arms around the small body seemed to tighten. It was that look, that almost imperceptible movement, that made Laurel move her gaze to the little boy. To the wide velvety-blue eyes, the plump, rosy cheeks, the rioting golden curls. She knew then. She knew as clearly as if Rosamund Clark had said, "You let him go, Laurel Lee. You didn't love him enough—and I did. Enough to be second best. Enough to take him on any terms. And I've made him forget you. I have! I have!"

Those unspoken words were a scalpel, and a bright, deep wound slid into Laurel's heart. Somehow she contrived to smile, to keep her voice casual.

"So you're married! And you told me Dr. Stacy was allergic to the so-called weaker sex! It is Dr. Stacy, isn't it?"

The girl said quietly, "Yes. Dr. Stacy and I have been married two years and a half."

The wound blazed red. "Two years and a half," repeated Laurel. Then she said, gaily, "How nice!" Her slender fingers touched the little boy's curls. "He's lovely," she said. "If I remember correctly, he's quite like his father, isn't he?"

She said that. She who, for three years, hadn't been able to close her eyes without seeing Peter Stacy's smile, the blue of his eyes, the sun-bleached warmth of his hair. She thought bitterly, desperately: It isn't fair! There's nothing binding in a marriage on the rebound. Peter's mine! He always will be! There couldn't be happiness in a marriage like theirs. She knows it! She's sick with fear of losing him because she knows—she knows

R

ROSAMUND STACY was saying, gently: "Pete is like his dad. He has his features and—" she laid one of the small, chubby fists in her palm and spread out the fingers tenderly—"and his fingers. Pete will probably be a surgeon, too." And then she said, "So you're coming back. I've often wondered if you would—and what you would do when you did." She had added that phrase, looking at Laurel steadily. The words were suddenly, with their double-meaning, pathetic.

Laurel wanted to say furiously, "I'm coming back to Peter. Nothing you can say or do will change that. Not even the child!" But she didn't say it. She said, instead, "I don't know. Perhaps Hollywood. I've had offers. I had never really considered them seriously—and lately, I've rather thought I'd give up the theatre completely."

Rosamund Stacy said slowly, "I see," and her dark eyes were bleak and afraid.

Laurel was glad. It made things so much easier when Rosamund Stacy understood. The whole story of Rosamund's marriage lay behind the bleakness and the fear in her eyes. She thought defensively: "She's a fool. Any woman's a fool who marries a man when she knows he loves someone else."

Rosamund Stacy was speaking again, talking of her experiences in London, but Laurel scarcely heard her, until she said, "If Dr. Stacy hadn't been with us, I don't know what I should have done. I'm afraid I've lost all the calm poise I had when I was a nurse."

So Peter was on board! Somewhere on this ship! Through vague flying thoughts Laurel saw Rosamund Stacy looking at her, appraising her. It was so clear what Peter's wife thought: "For three years you've stood between us, Laurel Lee. And now he'll see you again and the ghost will be laid... or..."

But, Laurel thought excitedly, no ghost would be laid. It wouldn't be like that. She wouldn't let it.

A few moments later she had left the girl and her son on the cot and she was out on the deck again, frankly searching for Peter. When she saw him, she would know if he had gone on remembering and caring as she had—or if he had forgotten.

BUT she did not see him that night, and later, undressing in the dark of the salon and climbing on to the small, uncomfortable cot, she was conscious of the rigid stillness of Rosamund Stacy's body beneath the white coverlet, knew that she was not asleep. She was lying there in an agony of not knowing what had been done with her life; what would be done.

Laurel bit her lower lip until pain shot along the line of her jaw. I can't help it, she thought; I have no choice. And through the long night, not sleeping herself, she thought with a dull, aching persistency that she was right.

She kept looking back over the years, justifying her decision. She saw herself falling hopelessly in love with a slim, sandy-haired young man. She saw their Thursdays together all over again, and she heard Peter's voice saying things that had lingered always in her memory...

She saw him the next night. She was not looking for him. Standing at the taffrail, she turned abruptly, and there he was.

He said, "Laurel." Just her name, but it told her everything. Told her that he knew she was on board, that to-night he had been looking for her. Told her that he had not forgotten; that it was not all over and done with.

He was so close to her now, she had only to reach out her hand and touch him. She had only to say, "Peter, I was such a fool. Such a blind, stupid, silly little fool." She had only to say that.

Yet the words would not come. A small, chubby body and a slender form rigid under white covers thrust themselves against the words, barricading them behind her lips. And in that short, absurdly breathless silence there was the sound of feet on the deck and a man's voice somewhere near them. A man saying something about aggression.

Aggression! Aggression meant taking that which did not belong to you. If you were a dictator you had no right to territory that belonged to someone else. And if you were a woman, if you were Laurel Lee...

She knew then what she had to do.

For a moment she stood there wanting desperately to run away, to leave Peter, because she did not have the courage for this in her heart. Then she closed her eyes briefly, and when she opened them her whole face had changed. She said in a voice that Peter would never remember as her own, "For Pete's sake, if it isn't Pete! Say, that's a laugh, isn't it?"

She was still Laurel Lee, but there was a hard line at one corner of her mouth, a cynical twist on her lips, as if this fever of living and loving was ironical and amusing. She was in that split second hard and cruel and "tough."

"Tough." That was the keynote. A "tough dame" who had lived life in turgid channels. She was Blondie Carewe of "Stolen Moments," and she was playing the character now as she had never played it before the footlights—as she would never play it again. And she was convincing.

Even as she had changed, Peter Stacy changed before her eyes. He was struggling to find what he had remembered in Laurel Lee, and he could not find it. He would not find it, and in a little while he would forget Laurel Lee as she meant he should.

When he finally turned and left her, heading towards the salon, Laurel put her fingers against her mouth to keep from calling him back. She saw a blackened door open, a shaft of light cutting into the mists. Then the light was gone; the door had closed as if he had shut it on her life. Not a muscle in her face moved, and yet, deep inside her, tears were falling and she was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Someone passed close behind her on the deck. Someone said, "Say, did you know Laurel Lee is on board? Cooped up with a hundred people or more in one of the salons."

Another voice, "Laurel Lee?" An American voice, trailing off as the shadows passed down the dark deck.

And Laurel Lee, standing by the taffrail, answered the interrogation softly to herself.

"Why, Laurel Lee, the actress," she said. "The actress..."

(Copyright)

**NEW GIANT SIZE
RINSO CONTAINS
TWICE THE
QUANTITY—saves
money**

**ECONOMY
NEWS
EXTRA!**

Rinso
GIVES THICKER,
RICHER SUDS

Rinso
GIVES THICKER,
RICHER SUDS

**RINSO
NOW IN 2
SIZES**

**AND MUMMY
ALWAYS USES
RINSO TO KEEP
COLOURS FRESH
AND GAY**

**IT'S THE BEST WASHDAY
NEWS YET. THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE RINSO'S
THICKER, RICHER SUDS
FOR DAZZLING
WHITES!**

**NO DOUBT ABOUT
RINSO'S SUDS.
THEY KEEP MY SILKS
AND WOOLLENS
NEW-LOOKING**

**STOP PRESS!
GREASY
WASHING-UP
done in a jiffy with
Rinso**

A LEVER PRODUCT

Loved voices cheer up parents ...



OVERSEAS CHILDREN rehearse for a broadcast to their parents in England.

Moving scenes when overseas children talk to London

Children brought to Australia from England and Scotland will hear the voices of their parents from London through a two-way broadcast arranged by the A.B.C. and the B.B.C. on Wednesday, April 30.

In this story Mary St. Claire tells how much these broadcast talks from their children overseas mean to parents in England.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

TWICE monthly in the B.B.C., in England, batches of parents gather at the studio to talk to their children in North America across the ether.

The Australian scheme will be on the same lines.

I was at the last American broadcast, and how thrilled those parents were!

I went to the studio one cold afternoon to find couples of every class and creed busy rehearsing before a dummy mike carefully prepared

speeches of parental admonitions, sage advice, and even wisecracks.

Everyone was gay and confident, conscious of millions of listeners who would shortly hear them, determined to put on the most interesting show and completely free from "mike fright."

Scripts were timed and retimed, rehearsed before the home circle over and over again until every second of the precious two minutes was taken up with due allowance for the child's reply.

Before the dummy mike they delivered like radio stars, but when the great moment arrived and the

voice of the loved youngster came three thousand miles across the air parents, sophisticated and unsophisticated, educated and uneducated, alike went completely to pieces.

Script and world-wide audience simply ceased to exist, and only the voice of the child mattered—the child for whom tears were shed through many long nights, and who filled the thoughts through bomb-shattered hours when every thought might be the last.

Lumps rose in the throats of burly uniformed fathers, while mothers' eyes filled with tears. Forgotten was advice or wisecracks, and only the most banal questions came to minds numb with emotion.

"How are you?" "Hello, darling." "Are you well, darling?" "How are you getting on at school?" were interspersed with numerous "what's that's" wherewith parents sought to gain time to fight their feelings or to bring that dear voice again to an enraptured ear.

Criticism has been levelled at these two-way broadcasts, claiming that they are largely a repetition of the same questions, neither showing originality nor carrying anything of general interest.

Be that as it may, they are certainly a godsend to lonely parents. I've never before seen people so quickly transformed.

Delighted parents

BEFORE going to the mike they are filled with a sense of importance and a desire to show up well for the sake of the child or before friends and neighbors.

But these little vanities disappear once the child speaks in that voice distinctly dear and yet so far off.

Immediately the precious two minutes are up and the couple move from the mike, there comes the dreadful realisation of all the unsaid things, and then with a surge of relief comes the realisation that at this actual moment the child is safe and well.

One of the smartest couples were a blonde, good-looking wife with hair beautifully curled and face made up with all the beautician's art and a husband groomed to perfection.

They knew exactly what to say, and betrayed no vestige of emotion as they strolled to the mike, but when they heard the shrill treble of their five-year-old daughter both went to pieces.

The mother came away with cheeks smeared in streaks of eye-

shadow where the tears she had not even bothered to wipe away had coursed down.

One sailor father who had just done a straight 48 hours duty by taking his shipmates' watches so he could have time off to get to the studio had a breezy account of his adventures written down for his eight-year-old daughter.

But at the mike he said: "How are you, dear?" and coughed, hummed and hawed the way through the rest of the time.

He was not accompanied by his wife and a black band on his arm told its own story.



JOHN SEYMOUR looked like this when he left England. "We've got the Navy," says John.



MISS ENGLAND. This charming English child is happy in a new land. English children look forward to radio talks with those at home.



YOUNGEST GUEST. Eleanor Anne Jones was three months old when she left London for Australia.

Several other fathers were in uniform, but neither soldiers nor airmen put up any better show than their wives.

Indeed, the mothers, despite tears, seemed to get down better to fundamentals, but what all wanted was simply to sit there and hear the voice they'd missed with such intensity.

SCHOOL MATRON SAYS:

WE ADVISE OUR GIRLS TO USE REXONA SOAP. IT GUARDS THE SKIN'S YOUTHFUL FRESHNESS... SETS THE FOUNDATION FOR FUTURE NATURAL LOVELINESS



THE charm of youthful skin health and loveliness is yours—to have and to hold—if you use Rexona! Rexona alone contains Cadyl, a special compound of mild medications. The medicated lather gently draws out the germ-laden impurities that cause most skin flaws—leaves the skin clear, healthy, radiant!

REXONA

IS MORE THAN A BEAUTY SOAP... it's a

Complete Skin Treatment

Very stubborn skin troubles need the special combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment. This amazing treatment heals blemishes rapidly, leaving the skin clear, healthy and lovely.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED.

9.219.27



A Little 'NUGGET' GOES A LONG, LONG WAY



MAKES THE SHINE AND THE SHOES LAST LONGER

A quick rub-over with this best-of-all polishes is a daily shoe care that preserves and protects the leather—makes it waterproof—keeps it supple—gives shoes a brilliant shine that lasts all day.

Because of the extra "body" in Nugget's superfine polishing ingredients, it's the most economical shoe polish money can buy—there are more and better shoe cleans in every easy-to-open tin. But there's only ONE 'Nugget'—see that you get it!

BLACK, DARK TAN, MILITARY TAN, BLUE, & WHITE CLEANER

ABYSSINIAN WARRIOR: *His country throws off the conqueror's yoke*



ABYSSINIAN of the warlike Danikil tribe. This magnificent study symbolises to-day's victory in Abyssinia, where thousands of tribesmen

have welcomed the return of their Emperor, Haile Selassie, and the capture of Addis Ababa, their capital, from the Italians.

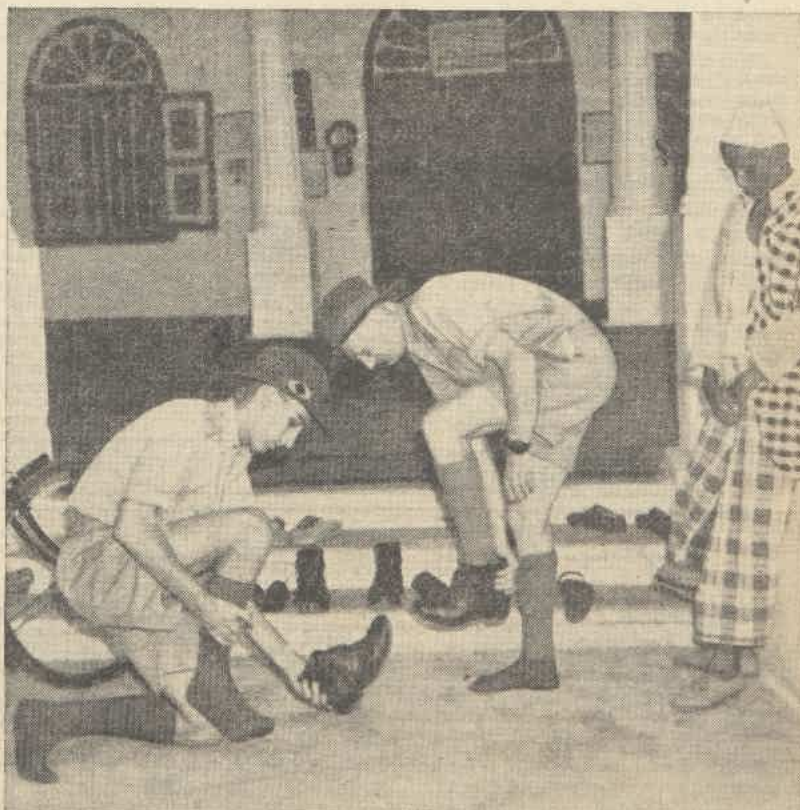


Leave sidelights on the A.I.F. in Malaya

MONKEYS are favorite mascots with the boys in Malaya, but they are not permitted at the camps, so are usually boarded out with friends in the nearby town. The Australian Women's Weekly cameraman Bill Brindle, on tour of A.I.F. camps in Malaya, here snapped Ray Andrew with George Penman and Sergeant George Forrest, all teaching Ray's pet monkey Aussie to take a little something against the heat of the day.



DIGGERS find the native quarters an endless source of amusement. Here one of them is watching Chinese craftsmen making pewter ware.



OFF COME THE BOOTS of these two Australians as they prepare to inspect a Malay Mohammedan mosque. Boots must never be worn in these houses of worship.

An Editorial

APRIL 26, 1941.

HOLD THE HOME FORTS!



THIS year we will observe Anzac Day under conditions similar to those operating when Australian armies in 1915 wrote in our history the imperishable epic of Anzac.

Just as Australians fought then on the hills of Gallipoli, they are fighting now in Greece, fiercely, doggedly attempting to attain a toe-hold in Europe.

The old and the new battle-fields are geographically almost within sight of each other. Mr. Churchill has drawn attention to the similarity of the occasions and told us that we went into Greece to help a noble and courageous ally.

We must not let go. We must hold on for final victory, and for this task we have the same people and the same spirit.

For women the war enters a new phase. The hard facts of the conflict have to be faced. Anxiety has become more acute. Our wounded are coming home. There will be more and more as the fight extends. Casualties will be heavy. During these anxious days the nation, in fact the whole Empire, will lean heavily on the spirit of its women.

It requires of them Anzac courage, and whence does this come in the first place if not from the mothers of the race?

Australian women have never shirked sacrifice or making decisions, and with our armies at death grips with the enemy they will show themselves of the heroic Anzac mould.

In times like these there is the almost overwhelming desire to speak the easy and comforting words, but they would be unfair and cruel. Such words at home march poorly with the hard deeds of our men at war.

Women's part in this battle is a great one. They must hold the home forts in courage and patience until victory is ours.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A bombardier in Palestine to a friend at 55 Grove Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.:

"I HAVE just returned from two days' leave in Tel Aviv, which is a most delightful place.

"We saw by car some of the buildings which suffered in a recent air raid. In the same taxi we visited Jaffa, the most important port here.

"The buildings on the whole are most modern, some of the flats being an eye-opener. These are electrically controlled and have a system of loud-speakers installed throughout, so that anyone on the third floor can converse with anyone at the front door without moving, and having ascertained their identity can permit the person concerned to enter, simply by pressing a button which opens the door."

Gunner Bill Stretton in England to Miss Joyce Murray in E. St. Kilda, Vic.:

"WE have moved into houses for the winter. Six of us are in a 'semi-detached'; the other half is occupied by civilians.

"We have rented a radio, and the neighbors on both sides have lent us some furniture, so we are quite comfortable.

"With music flooding the house, a fire blazing in the fireplace, an easy chair to recline in, and a book to read, I feel almost as though I were home again—or I would if it weren't for the air raids.

"Promptly at dusk each night the air-raid siren wails, we hear a drone of planes overhead, and the London anti-aircraft barrage opens up. We are in the midst of the guns of the London barrage, and they shake the house all night long. My only consolation is that with the noise of the guns we can't even hear the occasional bomb.

"My pal has gone next door to make us a pot of tea. The lady puts the kettle on when the warning goes, and fifteen minutes later he takes her a cup of tea in the shelter and brings us in the rest of the pot.

"Strange arrangement, perhaps—a soldier making tea in a deserted house for a lady who is soothing her children in an Anderson shelter in the backyard, but no one is surprised at the doings of the soldiers."

Private Jack Thompson in England to his mother, Mrs. E. Thompson, at Preston, Vic.:

"FRANK, Bill, and I are still together. We will soon be celebrating our first year in the army, and what an eventful year it has been for everybody! No one knows what the English people have had to put up with, and they take it with a grin.

"Only the other day I saw a house that had got a direct hit and only the door was left standing. On it was a small notice, 'Gone away, roof leaking,' and that is the general spirit here.

"I have just had dinner—mutton, roast potatoes, cabbage, and rice custard. So much for Hitler's blockade!"

Winnie the War Winner



"Gosh—there goes that delayed-action bomb I souvenired!"

A gunner in Libya to a friend at Darwin, Northern Territory:

"THE opposition sent us hundreds of Christmas presents that made an awful row.

"One landed about six feet away from me, and for a minute I was detailed for the Air Force, being sent up in the air like a bird, but must have got into an air pocket, for I made an awful landing.

"When I went up the boys saw me and were very upset for a moment, especially my friend Joe. I owed him 25 piastres.

"When it was all over they dragged me in, and as I was shell-shocked they wrapped me up and gave me a pull of No. 1's whisky. Unfortunately the No. 1 said to me, 'Say when you've had enough,' but I didn't have the strength to say 'When,' and scooped the lot.

"Was quite O.K. except for the shock, and could hardly walk, but was suddenly cured at 10 o'clock in the morning. You see, they brought breakfast up then."

Private J. Gordon, wounded in action, to his mother, Mrs. E. A. Gordon, Ryde, N.S.W.:

"WELL, Mum, I am back in one of the Australian hospitals. Don't worry, as I am jumping out of my skin, and I must tell you this:

"The boys in our ward have dug up an old gramophone, and about three records, and there is one record called 'The Death of Willie'.

"'Willie' dies about five hundred times a day, but just the same it helps to brighten the place up."

Sergeant McDonald in Palestine to his wife at 31 North St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.:

"ONE of the boys in our tent had his twenty-first birthday yesterday, so we gave him a party—cake and everything. What a party!

"We bought the fruit and nuts for the cake at Tel Aviv.

"It took us a long time to make the girls in the shop understand what we wanted, then they thought it a great joke that soldiers should want to make a cake.

"When finished the cake was beautiful. I did the icing, and it was a real work of art, with a candle and doll to go on top.

"I wish you could have seen it. We also made a key to present to him. This was done with much speech-making and toasting; in fact the party developed into a merry-go-round in which everyone took it in turns to toast someone, including those we love best of all.

"The young chap said it was the best birthday party he had ever had, and he ought to know. He saved a piece of cake and is sending it home with the key to his people."

A Field Ambulance driver in the Middle East to his niece at Jean St., Wilsonton, Brisbane:

"YOU say you read about some of the huge meals we have over here. Well, I have not seen any yet. Ours last five minutes!

"And as for the beautiful sights, well, I can cast my eye over miles of dust-swept desert without a blade of grass. Dust! We eat it, sleep in it, and breathe it!

"Oh! it's a beautiful sight, and the Nile is a lovely, muddy stream with dirty, smelly Arabs paddling on its muddy banks and the Pyramids just a heap of rocks. The only beautiful thing is the sunset. Stay away from it.

"I might state the above description of Egypt is merely a description by a soldier who has had to live here a long time and has seen some of the worst parts.

"There are some pretty sights, but I would not travel from Aussie to see them."

Chaplain John Baskin, Anglican Padre, to his sister, Miss Edith Baskin, 4 Albany Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.:

"I HAD an interesting experience when I visited a camp of interned 'Ties'.

"They proved a happy, contented crowd and were very, very friendly. I came away with buttons from their uniforms and coins of varying denominations in Italian currency.

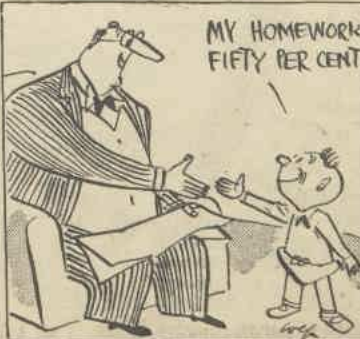
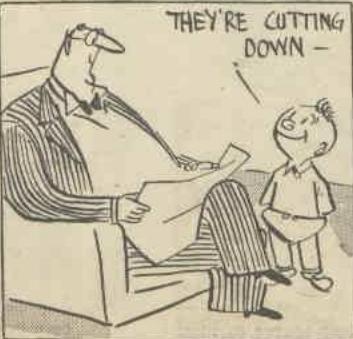
"One of them sang Gounod's 'Ave Maria' in a very fine voice and then, in contrast, a lively air in which his companions—about a hundred of them—joined very lustily.

"They completely surrounded me and jostled one another for positions of prominence.

"One chap had a dessertspoon of sugar, and, emptying it all into his hand, said 'British.' Putting it back into the spoon again he emptied a few grains into his hand and said 'Mussolini,' to an accompaniment of uproarious laughter from his disloyal compatriots.

"He meant, of course, a lot from the British and very little from their former boss."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By WEP



LONDON IN THE SPRING



PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION, Yugoslavian war worker and cousin of the Duchess of Kent.



MRS. KAY OLIVER, well-known Australian girl, who has joined the W.R.N.S. in England.



ENGLAND'S FAMOUS DAFFODILS are out in bloom again, and hide many of the scars left in parks and gardens by German bombs.

Despite the raids spirits are as high as the feathers in our hats

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England.

It is spring-time in England.

Though dinners are cut down to two courses and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is squeezing out our last shilling, crocuses are sprouting from the window-boxes of battered houses.

DAFFODILS are pushing their way up through debris-strewn garden squares, and our morale is as high as the feathers and flowers in our new spring hats.

The Home Guards drilling in every town and village is the dominant note of the Spring Parade.

They are ready to meet the invader.

Our women are ready to beat off an equally dangerous enemy — war weariness.

This conscious endeavor to cultivate morale is reflected everywhere in the well-groomed appearance of women who, contrary to all preconceived ideas of war-time standards, are appearing perfectly made-up, with newer and smarter hair-dos.

Lipsticks are now rationed, and a few shades of unessential make-up have been dispensed with.

Dyes are getting scarce, but these things only combine to bring back natural beauty, and we find that brunettes are coming into their own again.

Australian Mrs. Kay Oliver, one of the leading beauty consultants, who has joined up with the W.R.N.S., says: "There has been no noticeable change in beauty make-up. English complexions and hair styles have just varied a little as certain commodities have become short."

"The shortage of hairpins and clips has meant the sponsoring of loose, shoulder-length waves, although with uniform we wear close-set curls."

But hair-dos are always strictly feminine, with no suggestion of the Eton crop or the boyish styles which might have been expected.

Kay herself wears the navy-blue W.R.N.S. uniform with great chic and feminine charm.

Another Australian who decided on Calling-up Day to go into the silent service is Peggy Beaton, who,

like all twenty-year-old girls, registered this month at a labor exchange.

One of the biggest theatre parties staged since the outbreak of war took place this week, when girls from the Mechanised Transport Corps, squired by officers and Home Guards, were guests of the producer of the popular Gielgud show, "Dear Brutus."

Everyone was in uniform, giving the house quite a regimented appearance.

Mrs. Muriel Mackay, from Sydney, one of the Motor Transport members, was one of a row of guests in khaki.

Ruth Dunlop and her mother, who recently crossed the Atlantic safely, will go to Canada en route for Australia.

Rescued by husband

RUTH has been working in the London prisoners of war department where Jeanette Walker, of Sydney, is also an active helper.

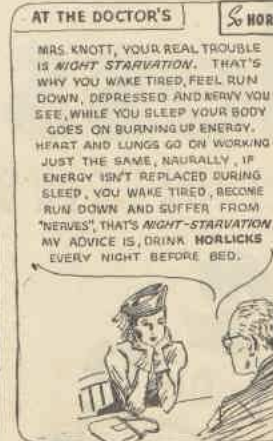
When Mrs. Valerie Beacher, of Sydney, was homeward bound, and her ship was torpedoed, she little thought that her husband, Lieutenant - Commander Humphrey Beacher's ship would be the one to pick up the SOS.

Yet that was a happy ending to a tragedy in which she lost everything, including her passport, but the fact that she was brought safely back to England enabled her to accompany her husband when he was decorated at Buckingham Palace.

Yugoslavian women in London have formed their own Red Cross circle, in which one of the most active members is Princess Natasha Bagration, a cousin of the Duchess of Kent.

The Princess is already doing Serb and Croat broadcasts, on which she has worked since the outbreak of war.

Marriage isn't a bed of roses



Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady—and help you carry on. Horlicks is priced from 1/6; Economy Size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/.



HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** —helps resist the strain.

Personality... plus lively Colour



Sunbeam **WILGA**

SNUGGLE into the soft luxury of this chunky little up-to-the-minute waist length cardigan. Hand-knit in Sunbeam Wilga fingering wool... easy, quick, economical... and lovely!

Get the Sun-Glo Knitting Book No. 27 for how-to-knit instructions. All the smartest new styles are described in Sun-Glo Knitting Books, 64d. everywhere.

For best results, knit with Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool and Sunbeam Brenda, Crochet, Crepe and Wilga Wools.

Send coupon for your FREE copy of "1941 Style Guide" in hand knitwear!

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd., all States.

FREE KNITTING DESIGNS STYLE GUIDE

Alexandria Spinning Mills,
30 Grosvenor St., Sydney.

Send me a free copy of your "1941
Style Guide" in Hand Knitwear.

Name _____

Address _____

S.W.W.S.

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

The Best
Value
money
can buy!

1/2
BOX OF 12

Do you know that Modess is the lowest priced sanitary napkin you can buy? — 1/2 a box of twelve. That it is the finest made; softest; safest; that it lasts longer than any other? If you want finest quality and best value, insist on Modess.

Product of Johnson & Johnson.

Sentence Before Trial

Continued from page 5

IN a growing frenzy Una struggled with the scarf about her wrists. As she paused, presently, exhausted, she heard a strange voice outside cry, "Hola!"

The voice of the man in the beret answered.

The newcomer said, "You have her safe?"

"In here," the man in the beret said, and he added a question that stopped Una's heart "And is Alemana?"

La Alemana—the German woman. "She is through the Aduana, at least. Tell me—if she has got into Gibraltar, and it seems she has, is it sure she can get out to-night?"

"Not sure. Probable."

"I see." Then, in a tone so low that Una could scarcely hear, the newcomer said:

"You have thought—you have some idea, perhaps—what she plans, in Gibraltar the Alemana?"

"I know nothing. I ask no questions. She pays good—better than running tobacco across. It is their war, not ours. We have had ours. For me I stay here till morning—then, if she is not back—"

He went on speaking. Una was conscious of his voice, but not of what he said. A slight thud, to her right—as though a stone had fallen in the sand—brought her head up.

Something moved along the top of the wall—a hand, blanched by moonlight, blindly groping. Again a small stone, dislodged, fell in the sand with a thud. Una saw the moon-pale fingers find a grip and tighten. Another hand appeared, gripped, and the head and shoulders of a man came up slowly over the edge of the wall. He stared down into the darkness.

The scarf choked the cry in her throat. His face was shadow-pitted, and he was hatless. But she knew him instantly. He was the man who had given her his seat in the taxi.

Hope and relief brought tears to her eyes. He seemed to be looking straight at her—yet he couldn't see her. And she could make no sound.

In terror of seeing him at any second lower himself down the wall again and vanish, she groped about in the sand with her foot until she found a stone. She levered the toe of her shoe under it and kicked towards the wall. The flat stone clinked against it sharply.

The man peered down intently into the darkness. Then he hitched himself higher on the wall and threw a leg over it. A bigger stone, dislodged, thumped the sand—and at the same moment a key rattled in the padlock of the door behind Una.

It seemed to her that she was shrieking "Quick! Quick! Quick!"—but she was making no sound.

He was hanging from the top of the wall now, groping for a foothold. The wide door was thrown open. The Englishman glanced round quickly—and, releasing his grip, dropped down into the darkness. She heard the thud as he fell. The man in the beret shouted, just to her left. Then the Englishman came out of the darkness into the oblong of moonlight from the doorway. He came like a swift shadow, lunging—tackling low.

The two men went down together in the sand of the doorway. The Englishman's right fist rose, smashed down, rose again, but a third man, armed with a knife, came stealing up upon the combatants. In an instant, however, his ankles were wrenched out from under him and he hit the sand with his shoulder-blades, thud, and the Englishman swarmed all over him.

Locked together, fighting, ploughing the sand, they rolled and punched down the beach to the very edge of the loops of foam sliding in. And then it was the Englishman who rose, his figure dark against the wide, moon-wrinkled bay.

He came straight to Una. She heard his deep, hard breathing as he untied the knots of the scarf across her mouth.

The instant it was removed she half-turned her head to him. Her lips felt stiff. Her voice did not sound like her own:

"We've got to get to Gibraltar at once!"

"Right. Keep still." He was freeing her wrists. "We'll trust these men up and—"

"Never mind the men. They don't matter. We've got to get to Gibraltar!"

She didn't know what she feared. She feared a thousand things. La Alemana! She began to run, her feet sinking in the soft sand.

Her companion, keeping pace with her, said briefly, "The coach I came in is waiting at the top of the lane—or should be," and didn't speak again till they came out from the lane on to the main road. The coach stood there in the moonlight. The driver was leaning against the wheel, smoking a cigarette. The Englishman's tone galvanised him: "Twenty pesetas if you make the Aduana in ten minutes!"

The driver leaped to his seat and lashed his horse furiously.

The Englishman sat opposite Una in the swaying coach. The stiff canvas curtains were open to the moonlight. He offered his cigarette-case. She shook her head, too breathless to speak. He lit a cigarette himself, and said:

"My name's Wyatt—Richard Wyatt. Naval designer. Came out in a new sub, with others of the Works staff. Arrived yesterday. I had an hour or two free this afternoon, so I got passes to come over and have a look round on the Spanish side. I was having a drink with a bloke in that cafe in the casemates when I saw there was only one taxi left on the rank, so I made a dash for it. The vacant seat was yours, but—as the taxi drove off I noticed one of these hombres looking after it.

"Standing under the Water Gate, he was, and—I don't quite know why, but something in his manner struck me as fishy. He went up to the casemate, and it seemed to me that he scrawled something on the parapet. He waited a bit, looking across at La Linea, and—I had a nasty idea, somehow, that someone in that taxi, possibly you, was going to run into a morsel of trouble."

"A morsel!" Una said.

"The chap came down off the casemate, and I went back to the cafe—keeping an eye on him. Two or three taxis came in together. He took one, and I took another—close on his tail. He went through the Aduana just ahead of me, and fetched up at a cafe in La Linea. I kept an eye on him. After a bit, one of these horse-coaches came by with its curtains closed. My gent gave the driver a wink, and when the coach came back along the road—it had evidently been to the Aduana—the driver put his thumbs up.

"My gent looked so smug I knew there was dirty work somewhere, so when he went driving off in a coach I was behind him—at a discreet distance—in another. I tracked him down, finally, to that ruin on the beach, where he met his pal. I was beginning to think it was perhaps just some smuggling game they were up to, no pigeon of mine. But still, I—had you on my mind, rather, so I thought I'd better make sure just what it was they had in that ruin. So—Well, here we are, and that's all I know."

His tone was a question, and Una answered it. She told him who she was and what had happened to her.

SHE could see the Rock again now, across the angle of the bay. The coach plunged on past the great, shabby barracks, and with a jerk pulled up before the arch of the Aduana building.

Across its far end was a gap just wide enough for one person at a time to pass through. Two unshaven carabinieri in grey-green uniforms, with rifles slung over their shoulders, lounged near the gap. They straightened up as Una and Wyatt, their footsteps ringing hollow, ran in under the arch.

One of the men unslung his rifle, barring the gap with it. The other curtly demanded their papers. Wyatt showed his, and began to explain why Una had neither pass nor passport. But the carabinieri cut in on him: "I cannot allow you through, señor. You are with this lady, who has no papers—"

"Who's in charge here?" Wyatt demanded.

"Lieutenant Belmonte, of the Carabineros. But since the lady has no papers it is necessary you should see the Pefe himself. He will be here shortly."

"We've got to get to Gibraltar at once!"

"I can take you to the Lieutenant, señor, but—"

Please turn to page 16

BETTY BRYANT FALLS IN LOVE

STAR OF "FORTY THOUSAND HORSEMEN"



"I have fallen in love with my Philips Radioplayer. In between work on the set I love to relax in my dressing room, and listen to good music on my radio," says Miss Bryant.

Miss Bryant is one of the many thousands of satisfied Philips Radioplayer owners throughout Australia. You can be one too!

Your local Philips Accredited Retailer will arrange a demonstration in your own home without obligation. You can become a Philips owner for a few shillings weekly.

PHILIPS
RADIO
"It Beats the Band"

Listen to Jack Davy's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night at 7.30 through 5GB, 2AW, 4BH, 7TH, 3LA, and leading Country Stations: at 7.30 through 5DN, and 6.45 through 6PE and 6PL.

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS,
LAMPS AND VALVES ARE
MADE BY AUSTRALIANS
FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes

Flush Out Poisonous Waste
If kidneys don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of 3 pounds of waste matter, the 14 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages, with smarting and burning, show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Most people watch their bowels, which contain only 27 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS... used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. GET DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaeuoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



HE who laughs LAST



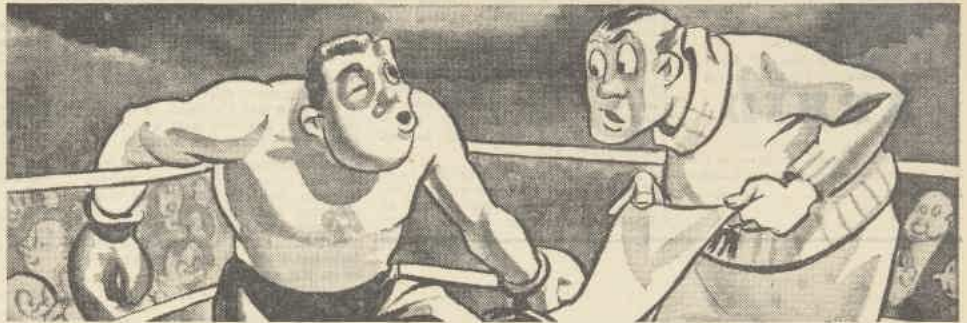
SON: Do you remember telling me about the time you were expelled from school?
DAD: Yes, my boy, I do.
SON: Well, now I'm telling you.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Hey! Don't come on the ice, it's not safe."
"I'll try it myself, you do stretch things so."

"Do you always play by ear?"
"No, lady, sometimes I play by the hotel."



SECOND (to battered boxer): Stick to him, Joe, and you'll come through with flags flying.
BOXER: Yes, at half-mast.



FIFTY MILLION

women can't be wrong!

On every day in the year—in countless homes throughout the English-speaking world, and in practically every civilised Country on the Globe—Steel Wool is brought into use to perform its manifold tasks of domestic cleaning. This universal preference is proof-positive of the superiority of Steel Wool for the purpose. And "JEX" stands supreme as the most efficient Steel Wool on the market. The strands of Steel Wool in "JEX"—fine as human hair, soft as lamb's wool—clean and polish in one swift action. And "JEX" cannot harm the hands or scratch any surface.

"JEX" — THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES

Not only Aluminium, but Copper, Brass, Iron, Crystal, and Glassware, Woodwork and Linoleum, the Bath, the Sink, are quickly and easily cleaned with "JEX". Remember, "JEX" can be used with any household soap. So—never be without a packet of "JEX". If you'd know what care-free, effortless cleaning is!

A FEW PENCE buys a whole packet of wonder-working pads.



JEX

If unobtainable locally, write for FREE SAMPLE to JEX PTY. LTD., 410 Collyer Street, Melbourne.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK — use JEX

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MEDICAL OFFICER: Have you ever had any trouble with dyspepsia?

Recruit: Only once.
"When was that?"
"When I tried to spell it."

"HOW much longer are we going to wait for Mummy, Daddy?"
"Not long now, Son. They're just taking the last hat out of the window."

"IS your new job a responsible one?"
"I'll say it is. I'm held responsible for everything that goes wrong in the office."

"JOHN, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"
"Well, what do you want me to do—get up and oil it?"

"HOW many men work in this factory?"
"With the boss, eight."
"That is seven without the boss?"
"No. When the boss isn't here, none of them works."

"WAS that sandwich you sold me just now quite fresh?"
"Quite, sir. Each sandwich we sell is wrapped in transparent air-tight paper."
"Dear me! I wish I'd known about the paper."

"SAY, Bill, will you give me something towards a Splitfire?"
"Sorry, old man. I can't. I have one at home to support."

THE latecomer to the concert nudged the man next him. "What's this stuff we're getting?" he asked.
"Hush," replied the man, "this is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."
"Well," muttered the non-musical man, "I'm glad I missed the other eight."

HE: What would you say if you saw me lined up in front of a firing-squad like the fellow we saw in the movies to-day?
She: Fire.

"MY wife can talk for hours on any subject."
"My wife doesn't need a subject."



Are you only HALF the man you could be?

Why get up in the mornings feeling half asleep?
Why go off to work feeling half alive?
And come home in the evening feeling half dead?
What you need, my boy, is a tonic!
Kruschen Salts will buck you up.
Kruschen cleanses your stomach, makes you ready for meals. Kruschen flushes your kidneys, braces your liver, clears your system of poisons, neutralises acidity, sweetens your breath, invigorates your blood. Kruschen washes you internally. Kruschen puts you into top gear.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K1.18.41

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

18 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 6d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Sentence Before Trial

Continued from page 14

HE went on, but Una didn't hear what he said. A taxi had pulled up on the open space beyond the barrier. The driver got out and walked across into the darkness somewhere to the left. The taxi, half in light, half in shadow, stood there empty, its door open, its engine running.

Una took one look. Then she ducked under the rifle that barred the gap, and ran for her life.

She heard a shout, a swift scuffle behind her, the report of a rifle. She didn't know where the bullet went. She made for the driver's seat of the empty taxi, slammed the door, roared up the engine, nicked the gear-lever into first.

As the taxi leaped forward, she glanced towards the arch. Wyatt was coming, running. Behind him one of the carabinieri sprawled face down in the gap. The other had his rifle at his shoulder.

Wyatt jumped for the running-board, reached it—and a bullet smashed the rear side-window to splinters. Wyatt roared, "You—little—fool! I was going to ask—telephone Gib—"

A venomous clang from the back of the taxi drowned his voice. Una neither looked back nor looked at Wyatt. She trod on the accelerator.

The road stretched straight before her in the moonlight across No Man's Land to the dark, tree-backed barrier of the British fence, and beyond, looming over all, the sheer, soaring face of the Rock.

The taxi rattled on, flat out. The Rock reared higher, higher, till the edge of the taxi-roof cut off the summit. But Una's eyes were on the gate. She could make it out now, two or three hundred yards ahead.

It was being opened, and she saw the yellow circles of a car's side-lights. Shadowy figures stepped back from the car. She saw the cold glint of bayonets. The car came on through.

She didn't slacken speed. She ran her left hand along the dashboard, found the light switch, snapped on the headlights. The white glare leaping out flooded the oncoming car. She saw the driver put up a hand to his eyes. She saw for a fleeting instant that the passenger in the back was a woman—a woman with dark, red-gold hair wearing a fleecy white coat. The Alemana!

For whatever purpose it was that she had risked her neck on British territory, the clear hour and more she had had there had evidently been time enough for the accomplishment of that purpose. She had done her work, or she wouldn't now be on the way out.

But she wasn't out yet!

Una wrenched round the wheel, swung the taxi square across the road, and the other car crashed into its bonnet. The taxi, thrown up on two wheels, hurled Una sideways across the seat, seemed to hover momentarily, then with a thud righted itself.

The lights of both cars were smashed out; the engines had stopped; steam escaped, hissing, from a punctured radiator. Una fumbled for the handle of the door, got the door open, and ran round the back of the taxi. From the British gate men came running.

The other car, too, was a taxi. The driver stood beside it, his hands to his head. Wyatt already had the door open, a foot on the running-board, his head and shoulders in the taxi. He drew back after a moment, looked around, and saw Una. He nodded—grimly.

"She's got up to look as near like you as possible. It's the Alemana all right! She's unconscious."

A third taxi drew up, as Wyatt

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—The week of Anzac Day—and it finds a new generation of Anzacs well in action in the Middle East. General Officer Commanding the A.I.F. in the Middle East is Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Blamey—Major-General Gordon Bennett—Major-General Sir Iven Mackay—General Sir Archibald Wavell.
- 2—"I'm going to have this japanned," declared Mrs. Suburbs, meaning that she would have it stencilled in oil paints—inlaid with special woods—ornamented in fretwork in a scroll pattern—coated with a special varnish that takes a high polish.
- 3—This is also the week of St. George's Day, April 23. The most generally accepted accounts declare that this patron saint of England was a native of Wessex—East Anglia—Macedonia—Cappadocia—Northumberland.
- 4—And talking of St. George, his cross—one of the three that form the Union Jack—is
White on a red ground—red on a white ground—diagonal white on a blue ground—diagonal white on a red ground.
- 5—You don't even have to be very literary to supply the line which follows
Stone walls do not a prison make.
- 6—That Struma Valley, so much in the news since the war spread over the Balkans, is a main route between Greece and Bulgaria—Greece and Rumania, via Yugoslavia—Greece and Albania—Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.
- 7—This won't bother you if you're electrically-minded. The unit of electrical pressure is the Ohm—ampere—volt—watt.
- 8—Excellent news lately that London had a stretch of raid-free nights. The first air raid over London in the last war occurred in 1914—1915—1916—1917—1918.
- 9—Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great English artist? Yes, of course, he was famed for his painting of Landscapes—portraits—animals—still life studies.
- 10—For the lucky last, you've only to decide which of these useful commodities is a by-product of coal-tar:
Naphthalene—iodine—asbestos—treacle.

Answers on page 38.

and a uniformed police-sergeant were carrying La Alemana to the Customs House. The bulky, white-clad figure of the Inspector stepped from the taxi. He checked, staring. "What's happened, Mifsud?"

Sergeant Mifsud shook his head.

The room to which they carried the Alemana was whitewashed; the light seemed dazzling to Una. Wyatt was talking—explaining to the mountainous Inspector. The Alemana lay back in the cane chair where they had put her. She wore a white frock and Una's wide-lapelled white coat. Sergeant Mifsud had removed the tawny-gold wig. Her hair was dark and smooth, parted in the centre. She might have been thirty-four or thirty-five, good-looking, but a little hard.

Sergeant Mifsud was trying to force brandy between her lips, but he was doing it so clumsily that Una took the glass from him.

Inspector Sacarello said anxiously, "She must be made to talk, Mees

Morland. She must talk at once! Por Dios, who knows what she may have been doing here on the Rock? Mifsud"—he turned to the sergeant—"I was not here. I do not know what happened. It was you who permitted her to enter Gibraltar?"

"Si, senor. It was I who let her enter—and let her leave. She said she was returning to Spain, to Algeciras for the night, on Peak Hotel business. I did not doubt. I do not know Mees Morland well, also light in taxi was bad, but—it seemed to me she spoke like Mees Morland, and she had Mees Morland's passport. It is there, see, in pocket of her coat."

"Leave it," Inspector Sacarello said curtly.

Another policeman had come in. "This handbag, sir—it was in taxi. It must be here."

Una glanced up at an exclamation from the Inspector. He held a passport in his big, dusky hand—a Nazi passport.

Please turn to page 18



... the thrilling appeal of soft, fragrant skin

Beautiful Hollywood stars are wise in the ways of loveliness. So follow them in a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap. Let the supercreamed lather soften your skin as it cleanses—there's rich skin cream in every tablet, you know! That lovely fragrance gives you a sense of luxury, yet it's economy to use this firmer, longer-lasting tablet.

LUX TOILET SOAP

It's Supercreamed

A LEVER PRODUCT

6.577.25

She's not DIGESTION-TIRED now... thanks to Benger's!

She was weary and worn out with sleepless nights . . . and all because her digestion was still struggling with the evening meal. What a difference now she takes Benger's!

Because Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion, it can give nourishment when most needed and at the same time gives the system digestive rest. When you add hot milk to Benger's the enzymes liberate the goodness in both milk and Food for complete assimilation without digestive strain. A bed-time drink of Benger's rests your digestion whilst you sleep.

If you are digestion-tired, or just have no appetite for the evening meal . . . take a cup of Benger's instead

BENGER'S

The self-digestive Food

Made in England.



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE

Benger's Food only takes as long to make as half a pint of milk takes to boil. For invalids and infant feeding follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

Now sold in three sizes. Try Benger's at little cost in the new small size.

A DOG'S LIFE

•An amusing tale of a man's love for his dog . . . and the strange effect it had on his career.

By
JOHN KENT

Illustrated by WEP

TUBBY was thinking mainly of the dog as he crossed the dusty parade ground in the glare of an Indian sun, for he had arrived at the state where he thought that only the dog loved him.

He was certain the general didn't, and he wasn't at all sure about Elaine, because, although Elaine was his wife, she wasn't the type of woman any man could be certain about.

Of course, a lot of Tubby's trouble was due to too many consecutive hot seasons in India. They said in the mess that Tubby had refused his last home leave because he couldn't take his terrier, Mister Boo, home with him on account of the quarantine laws. Tubby's affection for Mister Boo was a standing mess joke, anyway.

That wasn't so bad, but Tubby himself was rapidly developing into a mess joke, too, and that is not so good for a senior major.

In fact, the general regarded it as singularly bad, and, the mess said, if it hadn't been for the general's open admiration of Elaine, Tubby would have been shot out of the service months ago. Which would have been a pity, with the command of the battalion just falling vacant, and in view of Tubby's past record.

Major-General Sir Hubert Trumpington, known as Old Blasphemy, was famed throughout India more for invective than for intelligence. His record was as lurid as his language and just about as unsavory. And he disliked Tubby Patcham almost as much as he admired Tubby's wife.

"The fellow isn't fit to command a squad of ducks," he confided to his staff officer when the recommendation for promotion came before him. "That wife of his is worth ten of him. I'd willingly recommend her for promotion. Fine woman, bigad!"

"Quite, sir," the staff officer agreed, trying not to look over-intelligent. "But, unfortunately, it's Tubby's report they want."

"No good!" the general snapped. "That's my report. Have it typed in, and I'll sign it. The man's too soft. Doesn't drink, doesn't swear; known to everybody as 'Tubby'."

He looked up and saw Tubby crossing the square outside his office door. He called out: "Oh, Patcham; there's a Major Feltwell arriving this evening. Fix him up at your place for the night, will you? He can look for a bungalow later."

Tubby almost winced openly. It was bad enough to be passed over for the promotion, but to have his successor wished on him at a moment's notice was hard to take.

Tubby duly met Major Feltwell and as duly disliked him. The newcomer was a sort of stage soldier to Tubby's disgusted eyes. He interspersed his meagre conversation with "ahs" and "whats" till Tubby could stand it no longer and made an excuse to leave him soon after dinner. He said he had to work late in his office.

It was, in fact, hours later when he crossed the parade ground after getting his office in readiness to be handed over to his successor. And it is not surprising that he came to the melancholy conclusion that only Mister Boo the terrier had the slightest use for him in this life.

It was all perhaps a little childish, especially in a man who had served with distinction almost continuously on the Indian frontier since the Peace to End Peace broke out in nineteen-eighteen.

Still, he was thinking in this fashion when he arrived at his bungalow and, to his surprise, found Elaine waiting up for him. He was even more surprised to miss the usual ecstatic bark of welcome from Mister Boo.



Elaine and Tubby sat through the night watching beside the sick dog.

Develop a Beautiful BUST!

Add 1 to 5 inches—or it Costs You Nothing

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

THE SECRET OF FEMINE CHARM

Many a woman today, who craves companionship and love, suffers in silence without knowing why she is neglected. The SECRET of woman's charm is that natural physical perfection which lends enchantment wherever she goes—the thing that makes her WOMAN in the first place—irresistibly draws man to her. That charm is her "physical beauty."

SENT FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

SEND NO MONEY

MARY MONROE, DEPT. W.S., 24 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name

Address

26/4/41.



YOUR beauty, your attractiveness makes or mars your social progress. Have you all the "appeal" you would like? This is your opportunity—send me the coupon below—TODAY!

GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 3 INCHES. "I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L.N.S.W.).

WONDERFUL! "I am just thrilled at feeling my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (P.T., Vic.).

GAINED 3 INCHES. "I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your treatment my bust measurement was 26 inches, and now it is 29 inches."—Miss A.L. (O.N.S.W.).

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

DON'T SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET Put Them Right With

Zam-Buk

WOMEN especially know what it means to be on the feet all day. Most are busy about the house—and there's the shopping, too—while others have to stand hours at their work. No wonder the feet become tender and sore. But why suffer in this way, or from such prevalent foot troubles as blisters, corns, etc., when Zam-Buk will keep your feet in fine condition.

First bathe the feet at bedtime in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened. Start with Zam-Buk to-night for real foot comfort.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



Navy, Army or Air Force.

Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT! BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Please turn to page 36

BOYS & GIRLS! ENTER THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION!

FREE 200 PAIRS, BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES

200 BOYS & GIRLS COMPETITION TENNIS RACQUETS

So Easy To Enter!



All you have to do is to write in not more than 25 words, why you like "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT".

The judges will decide monthly which entries they think the best, and award to the successful Competitor a pair of Boy's or Girl's Ball Bearing Roller Skates or a Slazenger Competition Tennis Racquet during the Competition (i.e., 10th March to 29th August, 1941).

Prizes will be given each month and winners' names published in "Sydney Morning Herald" and Brisbane "Courier Mail" on April 29, May 27, June 24, July 29, August 26, September 5.



SLAZENGER'S COMPETITION RACKET

Facts about "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT", which will assist you: It is delicious in flavour, easily digested, non-heating, the ideal "all-year-round breakfast".

Typical Competitor's Entry:

"BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

Follow these Simple Instructions

- 1.—Write out your 25 words and give full name and address.
- 2.—Cut from the side Panel of a packet of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" the printed words "How to Prepare" and attach to each entry.
- 3.—Competition closes on August 29, 1941. Prizes will be awarded month to month. The judges' decision is final, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—The envelope containing entry must be addressed to—CAPTAIN JOHNS, "Breakfast D-Light", Box 12, Haymarket P.O., SYDNEY.

World record for 1 mile on Roller Skate: 2min. 39 1-16secs. You need **BREAKFAST D-LIGHT** to get near this!

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples."

Miss M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Aetevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

"SASA WEGENER," he read, "Cologne." She entered Spain fifteen days ago—from Portugal. She seems to have been there some time. Yes, here is the stamp. She disembarked at Lisbon four days before the outbreak of war."

He put aside the passport, from the handbag took something else—a small, fat, wash-leather sack, tied at the neck. But at that moment the telephone began to ring. Sergeant Mifsud answered it—and turned to the inspector.

"For you, sir, Sergeant Parodi calling. You are wanted at Peak Hotel."

"Peak Hotel!" Una exclaimed.

Inspector Sacarello said, "What is it, Mifsud?"

Sergeant Mifsud spoke into the telephone, listened, turned back to the inspector.

"A lady was found, ten minutes ago, unconscious in her room at Peak Hotel, sir, Parodi is there now. He says lady was struck down from behind; she is badly hurt. Whoever did it, Parodi says, evidently climbed up a vine under her window. He will be glad if you can go to hotel at once, sir."

"Later, tell him," the inspector said impatiently. "This is more important than—"

"Wait!" Una said suddenly. "Inspector, there's only one room at the Peak that has a vine under the window—Room Twenty-two."

"So, then?"

"Well—that was the room, I remember. Number Twenty-two, that that other German—the one who pulled a pistol when you came to intern him—Dr. Otto Scheele—that was the room he had! I wonder—she was breathless; her heart beat violently—"could there be some connection between Dr. Scheele and—"

She looked at the woman in the chair—and stopped.

For Fraulein Sasa Wegener had opened her eyes. They were blue eyes—heavy-lidded now, cloudy with returning consciousness.

She muttered indistinctly, "Scheele? Scheele?" Her breast rose and fell with the long, deep breaths she drew, and her eyes, narrowing as though the light hurt them, travelled round the group. She nodded slowly. "So you know. So you know who Scheele is," she said, and put a hand to her eyes.

"All right. All right," she said with a sudden fierceness. "Do your worst! You can send Harry Peer and Norma Haley back to England to stand trial for the Mount Street diamond robbery—but you can't shoot 'em as spies! Eh?"

"English!" Wyatt said, staring at her. He said it in a whisper, dry-tipped, but Una heard it.

The woman took her hand from her eyes, staring round at the silent group with a bitter and ironic challenge.

"Yeah—the Mount Street diamonds! You, copper—you're a copper, aren't you?" She was addressing Sacarello. "You got 'em there in your hand—in that wash-leather bag! The Mount Street diamonds! But don't think you beat us—don't flatter yourself. The war beat us, that's what—the war! Thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and we get clean away out of England with 'em—travelling separately, on fake passports. German passports, that's the devil of it—the only ones we could get hold of."

"German passports—and there has to be a war! And the ship on which Harry's headin' for Rio has to spill him out on the Rock of Gibraltar, of all places, the day before the war breaks out! And a fat cop—you, eh?—gets suspicious about his 'Otto Scheele' passport, and holds it; so Harry can't even slip across into Spain before the storm breaks!"

Her mouth was ugly as she stared round at them.

"How's that for luck!" She laughed, without mirth. "Harry writes me from Gb here the day he gets spilled ashore. I'm in Lisbon, with my 'Sasa Wegener' passport, waiting to follow Harry to Rio on the next boat."

"He writes me what's happened; says it looks like war, sure; says that if it is war he'll be interned as a German—just as if, he says, by usin' a German passport he'd doomed himself, sentenced himself, before he was ever tried! He says he's hidin' the diamonds in his room at the Peak Hotel; and he draws me a diagram of the hotel, and Room Twenty-two, with an 'x' to mark the spot."

"If he's pinched, he says, I'm to

Sentence Before Trial

Continued from page 16

come and get the goods—if I can. And he says he's going to try to keep it up he's a German. The war might only last a few months, he says, and when they awap over internees, afterwards, he might be able to make a getaway. Better a short internment as 'Dr. Otto Scheele,' he says, than twenty years certain, with his record as Harry Peer!"

She reached out and took the glass of brandy which Una still held.

"I was broke—with thirty thousand pounds waiting for me in Room Twenty-two, Peak Hotel! How could I trust any hired fellow to lift it for me? I'd never have seen him again! No—if I wanted those diamonds I had to put my own head in the lion's mouth. I didn't think I had a cat's chance, with only a German passport; but still, I came down from Lisbon to look the prospects over. Quite a proposition, the Rock of Gibraltar—with a war on!"

SHE looked at

Una. "But when I got wise to your Wednesday trips across to Spain I thought I saw how I could work it—and I'd have got away with it, too, but for those two tame contraband-runners I hired to help me out. One or both of 'em must have let me down, I guess, or you wouldn't be here this minute—Miss Una Morland of the Peak Hotel!"

She raised the brandy-glass.

"Well—here's to the old hen I had to smack down in Room Twenty-two because she was roostin' on thirty thousand golden eggs! And here's to you, my duck—you've done quite a job! She drained the glass, hurled it against the wall. "And heaven help all honest crooks in wartime! Okay, Fats—trot out your bracelets!"

Inspector Sacarello dropped the wash-leather bag into his pocket, and moved forward mountainously. Una turned and went out. A taxi,

that in which Inspector Sacarello had come, stood at the kerb. The British gate was closed. Outside it, on the road across No Man's Land, flat and desolate and blanched with moonlight, stood the two wrecked taxis.

There would, Una imagined, be protests from the Spanish authorities about her dash through the Aduana—and about the carabiniere Wyatt had knocked down. There would be protests, explanations, and apologies; but not until this minute had it occurred to her that if Wyatt hadn't knocked down that carabiniere she, Una, would probably have got a bullet in the back.

She drew a long breath, gave a little quick shake of the head, and walked forward to the waiting taxi. "Are you free?"

"Inspector Sacarello—"

"I don't think he'll mind," Una said. "Peak Hotel."

But as she pulled the door shut behind her a hand checked it. Wyatt looked in.

"Room for one more?"

"Of course."

He dropped into the seat beside her. The taxi rattled away.

Neither of them spoke. There was nothing to say. She found the silence between them somehow companionable—understanding. She was glad he was there. She was glad when he put an arm about her. She let her head rest on his shoulder. She thought, "Suppose there had been more than one seat in that taxi this afternoon."

She heard Wyatt draw a long breath, and laugh—quietly. "Una?"

"Yes?"

"You know, I keep thinking suppose there had been more than one seat in—"

The taxi rattled on under the shadow of the old, serene, indomitable Rock.

(Copyright)

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!

Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOL, you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like!

Takes but four minutes to do . . . in these THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves, lustrous, natural-looking, silky-soft, never "stiff" or oily.

VELMOL works on any hair—holds a finger-wave for days; keeps any style "salon-fresh" between visits. Ask for VELMOL—at chemist, store or hairdresser. A bottle lasts months.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



Style by Norman Flohm Salon

BEAUTY CREAM SURPRISE

DOROTHY LEVLAND explains



Even the beauty experts themselves are amazed! Who'd have thought, they are asking each other, that any cream could perform such miracles in softening and beautifying the skin? But Skin Deep is a totally new type of cream, the first and only one of its kind! It's non-alkaline and 87% more absorbent.

Non-Alkaline—Altogether Different
It's only recently that scientists discovered the vital importance of a non-alkaline cream. Now, at last, we Australian women have a way to give our complexions the special care they need, to keep away the ageing effects of burning sun, and drying winds.

Absorbed by the Skin 87% More
This cool, soft cream literally soaks right into your skin, refreshing the tissues on which beauty depends. That's how SKIN DEEP takes years off your age almost before you know it. So don't let a night go by without using it. You'll never be a "greasy-face" to your husband if you beautify with SKIN DEEP.



Skin Deep

Atkinsons . . London . . Sydney

A.11.32

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment to-day.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gently stimulating in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 1/24

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you feel like you are being strangled? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no needles, no injections, no atomisers. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove irritating phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma attacks first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee promises you.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 3 sizes . . 1/2, 5/8, 12/6

Has compiled a Red Cross Pattern Book

A VERY helpful and attractive Red Cross Pattern Book has just been compiled by Mrs. Dorothy McLeish, honorary director of Red Cross Headquarters Branch Workrooms.

The book contains 44 well-drawn and clear illustrations of articles useful for sick and wounded men. Concise directions accompany each illustration. Mrs. McLeish has designed some of the articles herself and adapted others. They have all been tested.

The whole is enclosed in an arresting cover of white emblazoned with a large red cross.

Khaki shirt, underpants and undershirt, operating theatre gowns for doctors and nurses, quilts, sheets, pillow-cases, cushion covers, hot-water bag covers, bath towels, tablecloths and even oven cloths are among articles described.

A feature of the book is the "Dorothy McLeish" bed-pocket illustration. This shows a special bed-pocket which Mrs. McLeish has designed herself. It is made of a long piece of unbleached calico with wide deep pockets on each end. The material goes under the mattress and hangs down on each side of the bed.

Idea from London

"I FELT that even a man who was very weak and ill would be able to stretch his hand down into these pockets for his treasured personal belongings," said Mrs. McLeish. She said that she got the idea during her travels. "One day I went to see a friend of mine in a London hospital and she had a single and very attractive little pocket hanging down on one side of her bed."

"I compiled this pattern book because I felt that there must be hundreds of women who are not quite sure what to make for the Red Cross, or how to set about making the articles," said Mrs. McLeish.

"Also a great many people have attractive pieces of material which they do not know how to use up, and I feel that this little book will help them."

"For instance, bright scraps of furnishing material would make the useful little housewife which is illustration nineteen."

A piece of strong material twelve inches by six is lined with flannel and then it is fitted with everything soldiers might need for mending. "We always see that we have nice big needles which men can thread easily," said Mrs. McLeish smiling.

Scraps of bright chintz or any small patterned material would make the patchwork quilt, which is the last illustration in the book.

Mrs. McLeish said that she began compiling this pattern book about six months ago.

She did most of the work at her home at Darling Point. Drawings were done by Mrs. M. Rista.

Book 1/3 is on sale at Red Cross Headquarters Branch Workrooms, c/o David Jones Ltd., George Street.



"THIS IS HOW it is made," says Mrs. D. McLeish (right) as she shows a pattern to Miss Grace McLeish, while Mrs. W. Thornton and Miss E. W. Hall look on.

Social events for good causes

APRIL 22: C.W.A. annual general conference. David Jones', George St.

APRIL 26: Dance for Air Force House at home of Dr. and Mrs. Basil Jones, Double Bay.

MAY 2: University Settlement Ball at University Union rectory.

MAY 2: Polish National Day.

MAY 2: Junior Red Cross annual exhibition, Town Hall.

Are selling dolls in Evzone costume

FASCINATING dolls in Evzone costume are being sold by members of the Greek Red Cross Younger Set to aid the Greek Fund. They are about 16 inches tall.

Complete with red cap and black tassels, white kilted skirt and bodice, deep wine-red velvet vest braided round the edge, and even tiny black velvet shoes with blue pompons, they are exact replicas of Greek soldiers.

"When we decided to sell these dolls we borrowed a doll in costume which my uncle owned and used it for a pattern," said Mary Laird, honorary secretary of the Younger Set. She and the president, Betty Marcello, then set out to buy suitable dolls. They took them to a city firm which is dressing them.

The girls arranged to display the first twelve dressed dolls at the annual Helmos Ball on April 21. Orders are now being taken by Miss Laird at her Kensington home.

Now You Can Wear

FALSE TEETH

Without Embarrassment

But, talk, laugh or sneeze, without fear of false teeth dropping or slipping, FASTEETH keeps them firm and comfortable. This new, fine powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Keeps breath sweet. Better than anything you've ever used. Get FASTEETH to-day, any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

FORMULA FOR BRIGHTER STOVES AND GRATES

"I've found the perfect cleaner for stoves and grates in ZEBO"



Magic! You'll say so when you see Zebo Liquid Stove Polish go to work on stoves and grates. Zebo is specially made to clean and polish in one simple operation and its lovely lustre lasts. Use Zebo straight from the tin—just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, there's no waste, no mess. Zebo won't dry up in the tin, it's inexpensive and economical to use.



ZEBO
LIQUID
STOVE POLISH

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

The Queen sends thanks to workers for English babies

"QUEEN sends grateful thanks" is a cable message which has gratified members of the N.S.W. Overseas Mothercraft Comforts Guild, which regularly sends comforts to English babies.

The latest bale despatched was personally inspected by the Queen, and Slater Liddiard, of the Truby King headquarters in England, cabled out Her Majesty's approval.

The Overseas Mothercraft Comforts Guild has sent 11 bales of cosy babies' garments away since it started work in July last year. It works under the auspices of the Australian Mothercraft Society.

Members meet one day a week at the home of the president, Mrs. L. V. Waterhouse, at Brunelby Road, Bellevue Hill. There they work on dainty layettes and clothes for children up to the age of 12.

One speciality is babies' sleeping blankets, which are blankets lined with flannel. They are closed at the bottom and have peaked hoods at the top. Babies are tucked cosily into these before they are taken to shelters.

Branches and people all over the State send contributions to Mrs. Waterhouse.

Honorary secretary of the Guild is Mrs. C. Jaede, and honorary treasurer is Mrs. Jack Cassidy.

REDUCE YOUR WAIST!

TRY A GOVERNA BELT FOR 7 DAYS AT OUR RISK

A bulging waistline endangers your health and well-being. The GOVERNA CORRECTIVE BELT will give you a slim, athletic figure. Fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks, or buttons. Supports correctly the delicate organs, and by its gentle changing pressure, banishes waistline fat and bulge with every move you make.



Try the GOVERNA BELT AT OUR RISK—in seven days your waistline will be slim, smaller—free of strain and bulge gone—or NO COST. Write for full details of FREE TRIAL OFFER and Illustrated Folder. Mention this paper. GOVERNA BELT CO. 241-243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Gives finer FLAVOUR to SALADS



QUARTS and PINTS

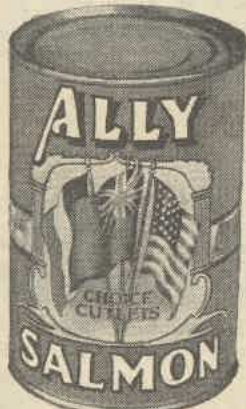
Good Silver needs the care of SILVO



Silvo will not tolerate dullness or tarnish on your silver. Gently but surely it restores the polish and natural lustre. Treat your silverware to SILVO... the quick, safe liquid silver polish.



**BEST VALUE
FOR MONEY**



It's flavour sealed
in quarter, half and one pound
tins.

SEWING MACHINES

Need 3-IN-ONE OIL

Now only

1/-

Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ★ MAISIE WAS A LADY

(Week's Best Release)
Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres. (MGM.)
FOR the fourth time on the screen, and with an extra-special supporting cast, Ann Sothern appears as Maisie, the pert, wisecracking showgirl who is always busy about somebody else's business.

Maisie is once again the stranded showgirl. Losing her job through the fault of rich, but besotted, playboy Lew Ayres, she goes to live temporarily with Lew's family. There she takes them all in hand, sobering up the young man, saving his sister, Maureen O'Sullivan, from marriage to a fortune-hunter, and bringing home their globe-trotting father, Paul Cavanaugh.

Ann Sothern's Maisie is a joyous portrait, which has the benefit of originality. This film accents the comedy and the wisecracking dialogue. There are only a few sentimental moments.—Capitol; showing.

★ LET'S MAKE MUSIC

Bob Crosby, Jean Rogers. (RKO.)
ORIGINALLY entitled "Malvina Swings It," this musical marks the debut of Bing's younger brother, Bob Crosby, and his band.

Bob looks like Bing, and sings in the same manner as Bing. The action centres on Elizabeth Riden as Malvina, a triumph country schoolteacher, who writes a school song. The pupils laugh at her effort, but Bob, who happens along, decides to put it over as a novelty for New York audiences.

During the course of the film, Bob himself sings four numbers, with the assistance of his Bobcats. Other people in the film are Jean

Rogers, as Bob's sweetheart, and Joseph Buloff, from Broadway, as chief comedian. There's room for another crooner on the screen, so let's hope Bob Crosby gets a better film next time.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE ARKANSAS JUDGE

Weaver Brothers, Roy Rogers. (Republic.)

BASED on the Irving Stone novel, "False Witness," "The Arkansas Judge" is one of those homespun dramas with a purpose.

This is to portray the dire distress that can be caused by malicious gossiping and hypocritical self-righteousness. The story is set in a small Arkansas town.

This film sets out to give a realistic study of small-town life and people. It abounds in minor characterisations. An unpleasant gossip is sharp-nosed Ely Maylon, who is getting quite a name for herself in these mean roles.—Capitol; showing.

★ ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

Tim Holt, Betty Jane Rhodes. (RKO.)

THIS Western has plenty of riding and shooting thrills and personable young Tim Holt as its hero. Tim's heroine is the attractive Betty Jane Rhodes, of radio fame, who sings two numbers.

This is Tim Holt's third Western, and it's my tip that he's going to become as popular as was his father, Jack Holt, in the same type of thing. He's a very attractive young man, and he certainly can ride.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy.—Liberty; 2nd week.

★★ Tin Pan Alley. Alice Faye, Betty Grable in heart-warming Broadway musical.—Regent; 2nd week.

★★ North-West Mounted Police. Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll in spectacular Canadian adventure in technicolor.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.

★★ Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery in racy domestic farce.—Century; 3rd week.

★★ Tree of Liberty. Cary Grant, Martha Scott in vivid historical drama.—State; 3rd week.

★★ Power and the Glory. Katharine Roselle, Lou Vernon in Australian wartime drama of R.A.A.F.—Mayfair; 3rd week.

★★ Tall, Dark and Handsome. Cesar Romero in amusing gangster satire.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★★ Santa Fe Trail. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland in absorbing pre-Civil War adventure.—Plaza; 2nd week.

★★ Room Town. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr in entertaining oil-fields melodrama.—St. James; 2nd week.

Do you annoy
him by constantly
dabbing powder?



End "shiny nose" trouble...
switch to Revelry, the face
powder that has extra cling.

Revelry



FREE SAMPLE

A smart little box of Revelry Face Powder, handbag size, absolutely free. Just clip this advertisement, attach your name and address, and send request. Post to: J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., Box 3588R, G.P.O., Sydney.

Y.S. 32.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

EIGHT hundred and fifty guests were invited to attend the wedding of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul at Wilshire Methodist Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, arranged for Friday, April 18. Vaughn Paul is an assistant producer at Deanna's studio, Universal.

This date was the 33rd wedding anniversary of Deanna's parents. Deanna chose six bridesmaids—the actresses Helen Parrish, Anne Shirley, and Anne Gwynne, and three non-professional girl-friends. Her sister, Mrs. Edith Heckman, consented to act as matron-of-honor, and Vaughn's brother was asked to be best man.

Deanna's Lancashire-born parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Durbin, and Vaughn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Val Paul, are close friends.

COMBINING a honeymoon with a personal appearance tour, Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey, stars of the musical, "New Wine," will visit South America shortly.

They will be married upon the completion of the picture, and will head straight for Brazil. Ilona will fulfil a singing engagement in Rio de Janeiro, while Alan will appear on the stage.

DICK POWELL and his wife, Joan Blondell, are doing another picture together, "Model Wife." These two stars never quarrel about who gets the best scene. Each is eager to sacrifice the spotlight for the other.

GRACIE FIELDS netted \$270,000 on her personal appearance tour of America. She contributed the whole sum to her country's cause.

LORETTA YOUNG is worried about her little sister Georgiana's romance with Billy Halop, one of the "Dead End" kids.

TYRONE POWER will wear a British uniform in his next picture, "A Yank in the R.A.P." It goes into production at once.

LINDA DARNELL has her first fur coat. It's a champagne lynx evening wrap.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has begun the manuscript for his next picture. He will play a drunk, adrift and alone in New York. Paulette Goddard will play a little chorus girl whom he meets in his dreams. Charlie promises that this film will provide Paulette's finest role. He is really writing it for her.

CONSTANCE MOORE gets the prize for the oddest gadget in town. She turned up at the Mocambo Night Club with a wrist-watch radio. She dropped it into a glass of water and it played a tune.

JOAN CRAWFORD drives her own car, while her chauffeur loafs in the back seat.

BETTE DAVIS' husband (Arthur Farnsworth) is getting his instructor's licence in flying.

VIRGINIA WEIDLER will soon be presented as a singer in an Andy Hardy picture. She is now taking singing lessons.

BACK from Sun Valley, Norma Shearer has a beautiful tan and a new beau. He was her ski-ing partner in the snow country. His name is Roger Blacon.

FRENCH JEAN GABIN for many years has been tempted by Hollywood offers, only to turn them down with unfailing regularity. He loved his native France too well. But the Nazi invasion forced him out, and now he is comfortably set at Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

He will not have to study English, for he speaks it well. Although he hasn't made a habit of it, he can put over a song in the Chevalier manner.

IN "Blood and Sand," John Carradine, as a bull-fighter, must eat hard-boiled eggs whole. The studio supplies him with real eggs, but they are whittled down so that they are small enough for him to swallow at a gulp.

HERBERT MARSHALL is toying with the idea of returning to the Broadway stage, where he enjoyed his greatest triumphs.

Relief from PILES

END THAT
SECRET
SUFFERING
NOW



Thousands of sufferers from this distressing affliction have found quick relief by the use of Rexona Ointment. The soothing medicaments reduce the inflammation and provide a course of laxative in taken with the Rexona treatment in complete cure will result except in such rare cases as require surgical interference.

HOW TO TREAT PILES

Observe absolute cleanliness, bathing with Rexona Soap which contains the same medicaments as the Ointment. Apply Rexona Ointment generously, maintaining it in contact with the affected part. Take a course of laxative to avoid straining and rest as much as possible.

Piles grow rapidly worse with neglect but if given attention in the early stages they will respond readily to the Rexona treatment.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE, NOW

Also extra large
tins, 3 times the
quantity, 3/2

REXONA
MEDICATED
SOAP

9s.6d. per tab-
let (City and
Suburbs)



O.2.31a

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

tion called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your Kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 1/5, 1/4.

Cystex for
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

Clothes cannot be WHITE
without the BLUE rinse



The last rinse in blue water is the only way to keep linens, frocks, towels, napery a lovely white, free from the yellowish tinge.

**Reckitt's
Blue**

KEEPS YOUR LINEN A GOOD COLOUR

The Movie World

April 26, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

They'll be different this year

EVEN THE EXOTIC DIETRICH TAKES GAY COMEDY ROLE

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

THIS year Universal is teaming the alluring Marlene Dietrich in a comedy with ribald W. C. Fields, entitled "Hilo Hattie."

It seems incongruous, doesn't it? But Marlene is just one of many "glamor" players who are adopting new and harder personalities in coming films.

Generally speaking, you can put it down to the screen trend towards action stories and comedies.

Even great lovers and languishing ladies must move with the times.

Gorgeous Loretta Young, for instance, has gone Western for "The Lady from Cheyenne"—and she'll be wearing gingham.

Boyish screen lover Tyrone Power is to be developed as a swashbuckling hero of old-time adventures—the type of young gallant who crosses swords at the least provocation, wears picturesque hats, and dares all for the fair lady he loves.

It began with "The Mark of Zorro," and is being continued in "Blood and Sand."



ROBERT TAYLOR

has said an emphatic farewell to torrid romance and becomes a hero of the great outdoors. Item one on his new programme is "Billy the Kid"—he plays a famous frontiersman of the Wild West who died at twenty-one with twenty-one notches on his gun!

And there are surprise changes for other stars.

Oddly enough, Spencer Tracy is another who is going in for something different for variety's sake.

Instead of biographies and dramas about noble, self-sacrificing heroes he's starring in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and, believe me, his Mr. Hyde is by no means a pleasant person.

But can an actor who has been one type of personality for years suddenly switch to being something different?

Can a leopard change its spots?

The Hollywood leopard can and has done so frequently. It all depends on the actor and the kind of role he gets.

The classic example is Ginger Rogers, who almost overnight stopped being Fred Astaire's blonde dancing partner and made herself into a typical young modern American girl, playing some comedy, but mostly drama.

GLITTERING Cesar

Romero used to be a terrifying villain—he specialised in heartless gangsters. To-day he is one of the screen's most popular comedians.

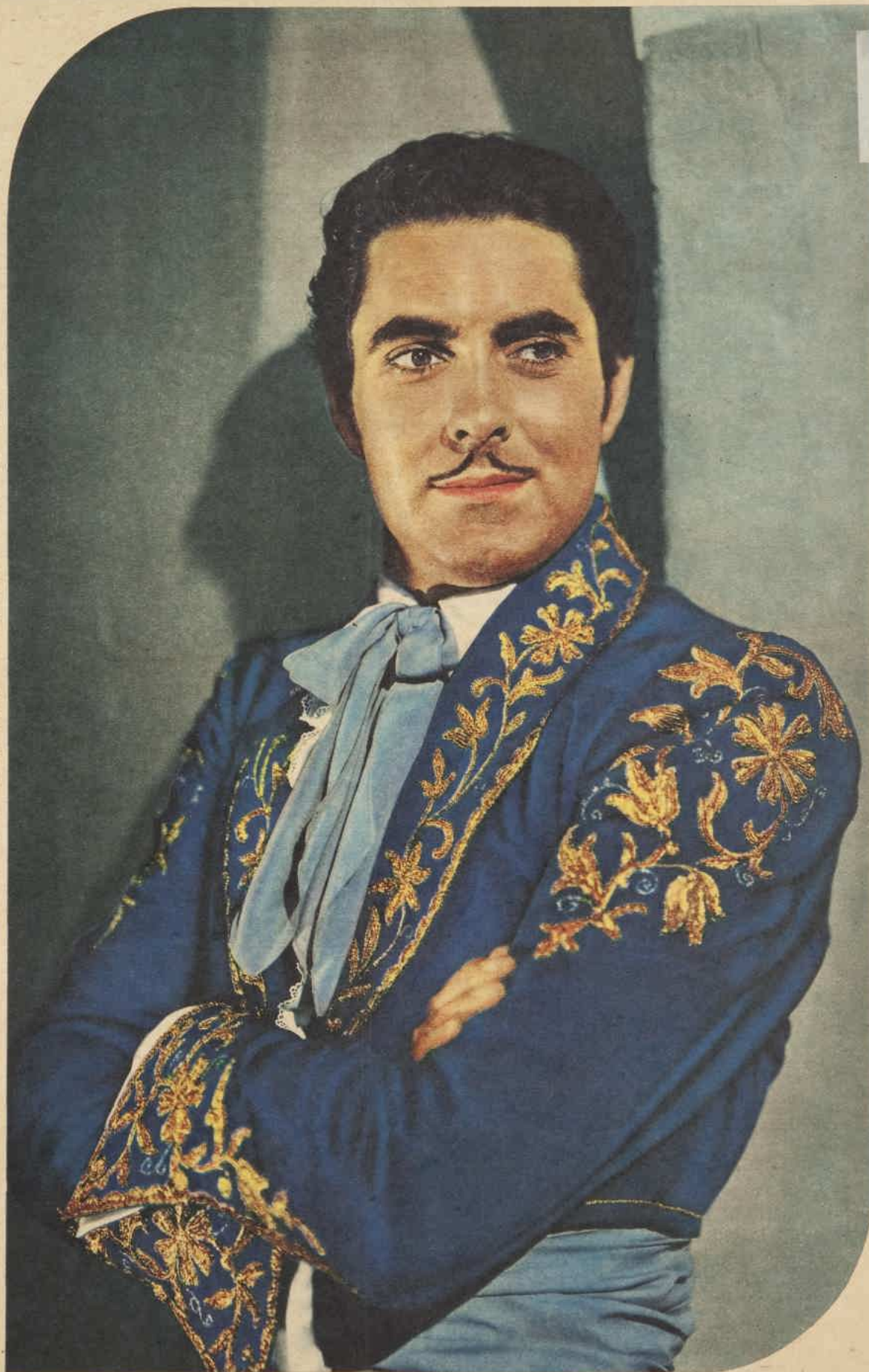
Other stars have been less successful in taking on unfamiliar roles.

Dorothy Lamour has returned to her sariing after hopefully playing several full-dress parts. Remember her "Johnny Apollo"?

And poor Dorothy had to let her hair grow long again—her fans were so cross because she bobbed it.

Pop-eyed Eddie Cantor's attempt at serious sentiment in "Forty Little Mothers" produced his least popular comedy.

And Mickey Rooney isn't going to make any more biographies like "Young Tom Edison." He'll stick to musicals and portrayals of the enthusiastic American adolescent.



Gallant adventurer

Tyrone Power, of Twentieth Century-Fox, who from now on will be starred mostly in romantic action tales. He is now making "Blood and Sand," in which he appears as a matador. Raphael Sabatini's "The Black Swan" is also on his programme.

These girls take film kisses calmly...

It's the men who
are embarrassed

By JOAN McLEOD,
in Hollywood

WHEN it comes to making love in front of the cameras, it's the men who go all bashful, and make the fuss. No matter how young a girl is, she still can take it.

There's demure, sixteen-year-old Joan Leslie, for example. Joan was making a romantic scene with Eddie Albert for Warners' "Bashful Heroes," in which she appears as a twenty-two-year-old working girl.

Eddie, who rather fancies himself as a lover (on the screen), was expecting some manifestation of shyness from the dewy-eyed youngster. As he took her in his arms he was quick to notice that she was extremely nervous. After the scene was finished he commented on it to her and inquired in his kindly manner if doing her first love scene with him had made her that way.

"Oh, no," replied Joan nonchalantly. "It's not that. You see, I have to take a history test in an hour, and I'm worried about passing it."

So little is eighteen-year-old Judy Garland perturbed about love-making that she demanded to be kissed in "The Ziegfeld Girl."

The reason? In this film Judy plays her first real glamor role, and she wanted to be like the older girls.

In fact, she indignantly pointed out to director Robert Leonard that Lana Turner kisses or is kissed by James Stewart eight times in the film, and by Ian Hunter twice; and that Hedy Lamarr kisses Philip Dorn five times and Tony Martin once.

"What's the matter with me?" queried the budding Garbo.

Director Leonard promised to do something about it. But it didn't turn out quite as Judy expected.

For the next time Judy played a scene with Charles Winninger, who appears as her father, Leonard shot

an extra "take" in which Judy kissed Winninger. Judy resigned herself, but she's hoping for something more romantic next time.

Yes, the girls show surprising self-possession. It's the men who suffer—even the screen-experienced ones.

The other day Don Ameche refused point-blank to do any extra kissing of Mary Martin for publicity stills in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye."

Don has made love to countless women on the screen, but apparently not always with the composure that has been apparent.

Fred Astaire always protested when it was suggested that he kiss Ginger Rogers in any of their musicals together—and never did. He said he wasn't the romantic type. Who knows with what reluctance

● This sweet sixteen has often been kissed: Joan Leslie, who handles adult roles and romantic scenes with amazing aplomb. Warners' present to her on her sixteenth birthday was star rating and the lead opposite Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York."

he gave that one little kiss to Paul-ette Goddard in "Second Chorus," and how much persuasion the director had to use?

To dodge their love scenes both Gene Autry and William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd have made the excuse that their western fans wouldn't like it.

Of course, nobody could blame Tony Martin for getting hot under the collar when making love to Hedy Lamarr in "The Ziegfeld Girl." Every time he clasped the exotic one in his arms, there was his real-life girl-friend, Lana Turner, hovering on the sidelines.

It would put any man off his work.



MORLEY
"VELNIT"
Underwear

"Velnit"—Morley's exclusive new wonder fabric has the softness and absorbency of wool, the lightness of cotton, and the smoothness of silk. Yet it is entirely different from either ordinary wool, cotton, or silk. "Velnit" is ideal for sensitive skins.

- Ideal for every occasion
- Soft and luxurious
- Absorbent yet non-irritating
- Exceptionally hygienic
- Unshrinkable and durable

ASK FOR MORLEY'S "VELNIT"
AT ALL LEADING STORES

FORMBY'S WARTIME COMEDY

"Call a Cop"
shows skill

THE days when he was a professional speed-cyclist are recalled by George Formby in his ATP comedy "Call a Cop." George entered with such zest into the motor-ing scenes that the director had to call a halt: the cameras couldn't catch him. Pausing only to let George sing some new songs, the speedy spy-chasing comedy features actress Dorothy Hyson.



1 WAR RESERVE policeman, George wants to join the Flying Squad.



2 TESTING his driving skill, George nearly wrecks the force, but is accepted.



3 FROM motor-bikes to cars George goes, incurring the wrath of his Chief.



4 GEORGE boasts to his sweetheart (Dorothy Hyson) that he has been told to guard a shipyard.



5 DISGRACE comes when he helps prowling saboteurs.



6 DETERMINED to succeed, civilian George blunders on the chase.



7 CLAMBERING back-stage, George hears a warship is to be blown up.

*Let Berlei discover the
Enchantress
in you!*

"PRINCESS YOUTH"

A Berlei "all-in-one" that gives you:
1 — high youthful bust-line; 2 —
effective waist control, with elastic
inset at back for comfort; 3 — low
back-line. Batiste front and back,
elastic sections at sides.
Sizes 30-35. 23/6.

"YOUTHLYNE"

Berlei's delightful new series for the young in
heart... and figure. This Controlette has
heart... and figure. This Controlette has
satin panels back and front, two-way elastic
at sides. Zip-fastener at back. Brassiere top
in lace with satin reinforcement. 29-36. 29/11.

Berlei Satin Brassieres

are in five shapes
and many sizes in each
shape — priced from
3/11. Shown is Satin
Bandeau Brassiere in
sizes 32-38 at 5/6.

Brassiere for "Junior"
Bust in batiste with cups
in lace, lined with net.
Elastic inset at centre
back, fastening at side.
Sizes 30-36. 4/11.

Beautifully cut Satin Wrap-on; lined with broad-
cloth. Controlastic side panels and front gusset.
Lightly boned front and back. Sizes 24-48. 19/11.

If you would be admired, envied, sought-after, remember

a little word of four letters L-I-N-E!

Every great fashion era has been based on line. Dress

designers strive for perfect line above all else. Women of

distinction, women in the public eye, know the

importance of line. Line is the basis of loveliness. Cherish your

line. Mould it, hold it, preserve it against the unforgiving

years—with a Berlei foundation of beauty.

designed especially for your figure-type.

See the new **Berlei's** *for autumn*
—AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE



**"IF PEOPLE WOULD ONLY STOP DOSING
& EAT APPLES DAILY, THEY'D SOON BE
FREE OF CONSTIPATION & INDIGESTION"**

Eminent doctors the whole world over recommend the regular eating of Apples. They stress the fact that Apples are more than a delightful fruit . . . that they are Nature's way of correcting such disorders as constipation and indigestion.

A Lecturer in one of our own Universities in Australia states: "The pulp of the Apple forms bulk or roughage on which the bowel muscles act, to enable correct elimination."

From Dr. H. Bazil, of Canada, comes the convincing statement: "Raw Apples brought about several remark-

able cures of gastro-intestinal disorders in the St. Justin Hospital, Montreal."

From the Continent comes the statement by Dr. T. Baumann: "The Apple diet acts mainly by accelerating the passage of waste material through the intestines."

Far better than harsh artificial purgatives are the natural laxative qualities of Apples and Pears. People today tend to eat too much acid-forming food. Apples, which are alkaline in their action, give the much-needed assistance to the digestive organs and balance the diet.



Eat Apples daily . . . cut up if you like, but preferably unpeeled. After every meal, in fact. Include plenty of Apple dishes in the family menu, for Apples retain their health properties when cooked.

Start the Apple way to perfect digestion and elimination. It's the height of the Apple and Pear Season—with the fruit at its best in flavour and value.

Buy Apples by the case.

Keep Your Fruit Bowl Filled with

APPLES & PEARS



Free!

NEW APPLE AND
PEAR RECIPE BOOK

A new edition of the Apple and Pear Recipe Book is now being printed. Write your name and address in the Coupon below and post it, to the nearest office of—

THE APPLE AND PEAR MARKETING BOARD

QUEENSLAND—Box 621 J, G.P.O., Brisbane
NEW SOUTH WALES—Box 345, G.P.O., Haymarket
VICTORIA—Box 2092 S, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.I.
TASMANIA—57 Collins Street, Hobart
SOUTH AUSTRALIA—Box 909 F, G.P.O., Adelaide
WEST AUSTRALIA—66 St. George's Terrace, Perth

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ROUND THE CLOCK at a big movie studio



By . . .
B. Bouchier
from Hollywood

I have just spent a day doing the rounds of the busy MGM studio at Culver City. There I watched most of this studio's most glamorous players — including saucy Ann Rutherford (in circle)—on the sets of their new pictures. And this is what I saw:

9 a.m.: Smartly suited, gaily beehatted Norma Shearer walking to work through MGM's Culver City, halting for the traffic.

10 a.m.: Lana Turner enjoying a Jimmy Stewart joke as the pair awaited their call on the set of "The Ziegfeld Girl."

11 a.m.: Mickey Rooney talking over his next scene for "Men of Boys' Town" with director Norman Taurog. Nobody dared interrupt. I left this set on tip-toe.

12 noon: Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman, and George Sanders discussing their European experiences during a "smoke-o."

1 p.m.: At lunch in the studio restaurant Judy Garland enjoying a juicy steak—"to give her stamina," as Judy told me.

2 p.m.: Greer Garson reading over an air-mail letter from a friend in London to Walter Pidgeon, her current co-star.

3 p.m.: Photographer Clarence Bull featuring an unusual angle on "Ziegfeld Girl" model Georgia Carroll. And who wouldn't be pleased to photograph such a beauty as Georgia?

4 p.m.: Marsha Hunt soothing her impatient Cairn terrier, MacTavvy, after a long day's work on "Blossoms in the Dust" with Greer.



Putting on a brave face

To meet to-day's need, women gladly wear the uniform of national service. They do not, however, sacrifice the tradition of feminine loveliness which is their rightful heritage. In the Cashmere Bouquet range, there are discreet cosmetics to complement daytime efficiency and exotic, glowing shades for evening glamour.

ROYAL RED

A regal, glowing crimson that faces sun or moon with equal gallantry. Wear it with all the daffodil tonings, with Lt. Hawaiian Tan face powder.

SIGNAL RED

If you favour the wearing of greys, blues, scarlet, black or white, add the daring highlight of lips and cheeks in Signal Red. With this, Sungold is your face powder.

ORCHID RED

In the depths of its crimson lurks a purple glow. Very perfect indeed to wear with violets, greys or burgundy shades. Face powder and foundation should be Peche shade.

DARK CYCLAMEN

As romantically lovely as ever, this bewitching evening shade glows with pastel pinks, blues and greens. Peche is your face powder shade.

LIGHT CYCLAMEN

A light and vivid make-up to wear with soft rosy shades that are so becoming to blondes. With it, you will find Peche face powder very lovely.

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER. This exquisitely fine, silk-sifted face powder comes in shades that blend with the natural skin tone, whether it be fair as a lily or tanned to a warm bronze.



COLGATE'S Cashmere Bouquet COLOURFAST LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Whether your skin be dry, normal or oily, you will find these Cashmere Bouquet preparations the perfect way to retain a youthful freshness.

- CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING CREAM (for the normal or dry skin)
- CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING MILK (for the oily skin)
- CASHMERE BOUQUET TISSUE CREAM
- CASHMERE BOUQUET SKIN TONIC ASTRINGENT



FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 26, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

BRILLIANT NEW PLAIDS . .



● Australian woollens have achieved a delightful new brilliance and soft finish. Here are three models from the Australian Wool Board, photographed in natural color by our photographer.

● For sports wear achieve rustic charm with a spinning plaid skirt topped by a deep green wool jersey blouse. And for further enchantment the new knee-high, hand-knitted socks. (Top left.)

● A simple swing-skirted frock depending on its whopping plaid for fashion interest — signal-red, aqua-blue, and white are boldly splashed on a ground of iron-grey wool. (Top right.)

● A frock that introduces dramatic new treatment for plaid. Muted-green, pink, and yellow are printed on a grege ground, and the frock is worn with a swashbuckling swagger in pastel-pink. (Left.)



BECAUSE it's so versatile and so fashion right, this bolero will be going to all the smartest places this season. Wear it for a day on the golf course, slip it over your office frock, or for important occasions team it with a sophisticated blouse and skirt.

BOLERO . . . with a model air

If you're cute and young and adore something that's just a little bit different, then start knitting this bolero right now.

Materials: 13oz. of 3-ply fingering, and 1 pair of No. 6 knitting needles.

Measurements: Length from the shoulder at armhole edge, 15ins.; size round bust, fitting a 32 to 36in. measurement; length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Tension: Two patts. to 2½ins. in width, and 8 rows to 1in. in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts, stitches; m 2, pick up the thread lying between the two sts, on right and left hand needles, place on left-hand needle, then k into the front and into the back of the loop; tog., together into back of sts.; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; patt., pattern; ins., inches.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges.

Note: Use the wool double throughout.

BACK

Begin at lower edge. Cast on 78 sts. and k 2 rows. Now begin patt. as follows:

1st Row: * P 1, k 4 tog., p 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2; rep. from * to end, p 1 (78).

2nd Row: * K 1 (k into front and back of next st.) 4 times, k 1, p 1; rep. from * to end, k 1 (122).

3rd Row: * P 1, k 1, p 1, k 8; rep. from * to end, p 1 (122).

4th Row: * K 10, p 1; rep. from * to end, k 1. Now rep. 3rd, 4th, and 3rd rows once more.

8th Row: * K 1 (k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 1, p 1; rep. from * to end, k 1 (78).

9th Row: * P 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1, k 4 tog.; rep. from * to end, p 1 (78).

10th Row: * K 1, p 1, k 1 (k into

● No smart young thing could resist the appeal of this brand-new knitwear fashion, done in the fascinating new blackberry-stitch, and the quaint, knobby pattern is easy to do though it looks so professional. When you wear this little jacket your reputation as a knitter will soar and soar.

front and back of next st.) 4 times; rep. from * to end, k 1 (122).

11th Row: * P 1, k 8, p 1, k 1; rep. from * to end, p 1 (122).

12th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 10; rep. from * to end (122). Now rep. 11th, 12th, and 11th rows once more.

16th Row: * K 1, p 1, k 1 (k 2 tog.) 4 times; rep. from * to end, k 1 (78).

These 16 rows form patt. and are rep. throughout. Rep. them 4 times more.

Armhole Shaping: Still keeping patt. correct, cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then continue in patt. from 3rd row (as patt. now fits again) until 16th row has been worked, then work 17 more rows in patt., finishing after a 1st row.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, then cast off remaining 24 sts. for back neck.

LEFT FRONT

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 50 sts. and k 2 rows, then rep. the 16 patt. rows 5 times in all.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 14 sts. at beg. of next row, then continue in patt. until 16th row has been worked, then work again from 1st to 16th row inclusive.

Neck Shaping:—1st Row: * P 1, k 4 tog., p 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2; rep. from * twice more, k 4 tog., k 4 tog., now slip 2nd st. on right-hand needle over the 1st st., then continue k 4 tog., p 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1 (29). Now rep. from 2nd to 8th row of patt. inclusive.

9th Row: * P 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1, k 4 tog.; rep. from * once more, k 4 tog., k 4 tog., slip 2nd st. on right-hand needle over 1st st., k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1, k 4 tog., p 1 (22). Rep. from 10th row to 16th row of patt. inclusive, then work 1st and 2nd row once again.

Shoulder Shaping: Keeping patt. correct cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of next and then every alternate row 3 times more, then cast off the remaining sts. at beg. of next alternate row.

RIGHT FRONT

Begin at lower edge. Cast on 50 sts. and k 2 rows, then work in patt., rep. 16 rows 5 times in all, then 1st row again.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 14 sts. at beg. of next row, then continue patt. from 3rd to 16th row inclusive,

then from 1st to 16th row once again.

Neck Shaping:—1st Row: P 1, k 4 tog., p 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, k 4 tog., k 4 tog., slip 2nd st. on right-hand needle over 1st, then * k 4 tog., p 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1; rep. from * to end of row (29). Rep. 2nd to 8th row of patt. inclusive.

9th Row: P 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1, k 4 tog., k 4 tog., slip 2nd st. on right-hand needle over 1st, then * k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1, k 4 tog., p 1; rep. from * to end of row (22). Rep. 10th to 16th row of patt. inclusive, then 1st row again.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, then every alternate row 3 times more, then cast off remaining sts. at beg. of next alternate row.

Hold right side of front edge towards you and using a ball of wool and a k needle pick up 70 sts. from top to lower edge, picking up 1 st. on every alternate row, then cast off. Work down other front to match.

SLEEVES

Begin at lower edge. Cast on 50 sts. and k 2 rows, then work 16 rows in patt.

17th Row: P 1, k into front and back of next st., k into front and back of next st., p 1, k 1, * p 1, k into front and back of next st., m 2, p 1, k 4 tog.; rep. from * until 3 remain, k into front and back of next st., k into front and back of next st., m 2, k into front and back of next st. (57). Now rep. 10th to 16th row of patt., then 1st row again. Rep. these 8 rows twice more, then rep. the 2nd row.

Top Shaping: Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then rep. from 5th to 16th row, then 1st to 16th, then first 9 rows (57).

38th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to end, k 1 (43).

39th Row: K 16, (k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 15 (37).

40th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to end, k 1 (28).

41st Row: K 8, (k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 8 (22).

42nd Row: * K 2, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to end, k 2 (17).

43rd Row: K 2 (k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 3 (11). Cast off.

MAKING UP

Do not press work, join shoulders, sew in sleeves, then press seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams and press them.

Save on Lipsticks

CLEVER NEW PAUL DUVAL
REFILLS COST YOU ONLY

1/9, 2/9, 3/9



AN ALL-BRITISH PRODUCT

Here's the patriotic way to be thrifty . . . buy refills in the smart new cradle carton for your favourite Paul Duval Lipstick—Grenadier Red, Scarlet Pimpernel, Cockade, Vintage, Mayfair Pink—you can save almost half your present lipstick costs and at the same time save valuable supplies of metal for munitions.

paul duval

PAUL DUVAL COSMETICS NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL
CHEMISTS AND EXCLUSIVE STORES, INCLUDING:

David Jones Ltd., Sydney . . . Anthony Hordern & Sons, Ltd., Sydney . . . The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne . . . John Martin & Co. Ltd., Adelaide . . . Myer Emporium, Adelaide . . . Charles Moore's, Adelaide . . . Pinney Isles & Co. Ltd., Brisbane . . . Boas Ltd., Perth . . . Brownells Ltd., Hobart . . . and at the Paul Duval Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.



The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label
OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

COATS... are versatile

¶ This season your new topcoat will provide no headaches . . . there are brand new silhouettes, flattering colors, and enchanting details to make up the winter coat story.

• For the willow-slim — an elegantly-tailored coat of sandy-beige broadcloth with rolled strips of musquash high about the throat and sweeping right to the hemline.

• A severely simple coat of oatmeal wool ties nonchalantly at one side and is collared with a magnificent swirl of brown shaded fox.



• Blue-grey flannel with chalk-white stripes is used for a young and straight-hanging saunter coat with snug calyx collar and full Russian sleeves.



• If you've got an old fur coat you don't mind cutting up, use the best parts to make revers and wide sleeves on swing-skirted coat of green boucle.



• A super dressmaker coat done in grege wool over-checked in white. The bodice is trim-fitting and sleeves and skirt are full, and those huge pockets are still important fashion news.



Let us

TELL YOU ABOUT

CANE-ITE INSULATING BOARD

- 1 IT IS A BUILDING BOARD
- 2 IT INSULATES AGAINST
HEAT, COLD AND NOISE
- 3 IT IS FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS
- 4 IT IS EASY TO INSTALL
- 5 IT IS PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFUL
- 6 IT SAVES YOU MONEY

● "Look at the pictures opposite. They tell you more plainly than any words what fascinating room-designs and colour effects you can achieve with Cane-ite. Just look at those walls and ceilings. YOU can have walls and ceilings like that—just as WE have.

"We're not wealthy. In fact we have to watch every £ we spend. That's why we're so thrilled over Cane-ite. It has completely transformed our home; insulated it against heat, cold and noise, and given it an entirely new atmosphere . . . at remarkably low cost.

"You see . . . Cane-ite is made in large, easily-applied boards. (You can get them up to 12' x 4'.) These boards can be treated in almost any decorative manner. They can be left in their attractive natural state or tinted in accord with any colour scheme you like.

"Whether you are planning to build a new house or to modernise your present home, insulate and decorate with Cane-ite. It will ensure balanced interior temperatures all the year round; it will increase the sales-value of your property; it will give you a degree of comfort and pride far exceeding anything you've imagined. It's the modern insulating building board — CANE-ITE!"

MAIL COUPON FOR IMPORTANT INFORMATION

The Colonial Sugar Refining Company Limited*
(Building Materials Division).

Please mail me free illustrated booklets containing all the facts on Cane-ite Insulating Board.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

* Mail to your nearest office—Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth. C-18-41



Three on a match...

Matching accessories that are the current craze in New York

Sketched by PETROV



● (Four) The Texan cowboy is immortalised with a wide-brimmed fringed hat of white felt lined with red and matching belt and bag. Notice the clever stirrup buckles.

● (One) The Eastern influence reflected in an exotic, high-twisted turban of brilliant, candy-striped jersey which is repeated in the quaint bag and cummerbund. Ideal for simple frocks.

● (Two) A white wool coat slashed with dramatic black accents. The bow perched atop the black felt pompadour bonnet is repeated on the belt and square handbag.

● (Three) Black wool electrified with white angora swirls is a new notion for exciting cocktail accents. The skull-cap features a choux in front to team with muff and crushed cummerbund.

TO CHARM AND CHERISH YOU



A glamour girl doesn't shiver . . . nor trail a cloud of coats and cardigans! No, she steps out blithely . . . slim as a sylph, cosy as a kitten . . . in her delectable Kayser Warmees. For good looks and good health . . . guard your slender charm with Kayser Warmees.

150-160. Wool-and-Silk Vest and Knickers . . . Wool lace edging . . . strategic ribbed bands for firm fit. Both 4/11 Other Vests and Knickers from 2/11

Definitely

I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW

K-Shrunk THE MODERN MIRACLE

Look for the Kayser "K-Shrunk" label when you buy winter woolies. "K-Shrunk" garments refuse to shrink — they'll keep their shape and soft texture to the last wear — WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE.

KW 40-3

How can we cut expenses?

BANK OF GOOD HEALTH
M# 10579
Pay to the order of *Mr. Wage Earner or Bearer*
the sum of *Four Pounds 17/6*
J. Employment

LET US HELP TO MAKE YOUR MONEY GO FURTHER

GET YOUR GIFTS QUICKLY!...

You don't have to wait months or years for your gifts the Sanitarium way because free gift coupons from the following 21 Sanitarium Health Foods COMBINE for any free gift.

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------|----------------------|
| • PEANUT BUTTER | • MARMITE | • WEET-BIX |
| • BIXIES | • SAN-BRAN | • CERIX PUFFED WHEAT |
| • GRANOSE | • GRANOLA | • GRAINUT |
| • DIABETIC MEAL | • GLUTEN MEAL | • DIABETIC ROLLS |
| • GLUTEN BISCUITS | • NUT MEAT | • PROTOSE |
| • NUT CHEESE | • CORN FLAKES | • KWIC-BRU |
| • CERIX PUFFED RICE | • SOYA BEANS | • BAKED BEANS |

The cost of replacing sheets, face towels, tea towels, cutlery, silverware, table cloths, etc., etc., can be considerably reduced if you always insist on getting Sanitarium Health Foods from your grocer.

Free gift coupons from 21 different varieties of these tasty health foods COMBINE for scores of useful and valuable household gifts.

Sanitarium Health Foods . . . delicious and genuine health foods, are also an aid to economy because they help to keep you fit . . . and . . . **GOOD HEALTH IS CHEAPER THAN ILL HEALTH.**

• **Gaillard Apron**—smart, colourful designs. Very popular. Postage 2d. **62 POINTS**

• **Union Glass Cloths**, fancy designs, approximate size 22" x 32". Postage 3d. **50 POINTS**

• **British Damask Table Cloths**, attractive floral designs, 54" x 54". Postage 6d. **108 POINTS**

• **Strong, thirty coloured Towels**, 24" x 48". . . . Green, Tango or Blue. Postage 6d. **85 POINTS**

• **Jacquard Towels**, Very attractive designs. Postage 6d. **122 POINTS**

• **SHEETS**, Pre-War Quality, Size 54" x 90". 5 year guarantee, 108 pts. Postage 1/-, Size 80" x 90", 5 year guarantee, 166 points. Postage 1/-.

• **Silver plate Dessertspoon or Fork**, E.P.N.S. 10 year quality. Modern Dessert Knife, stainless steel. Postage 3d. **34 points**. **POOR** 34 points. Postage 3d. **45 points**. **KNIFE** 45 points. Postage 3d.

• **Boy's "Dax" Westclock**, A useful gift. Postage 6d. **222 POINTS**

• **Gent's "Dax" Brand Handkerchiefs**, Attractive striped borders—size 18" x 18". Single—22 points. Postage 3d. 1 doz. lots—127 points. Postage 3d.

• **Attractive Case containing 6 Apostle Teaspoons**, E.P.N.S. quality. Postage 6d. **114 POINTS**

• **Attractive Marmite Container**, E.P.N.S. for 4 oz. jar. Postage 5d. **106 POINTS**, Plus 2/6

WHAT TO DO!

All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

SYDNEY: 13 Hunter Street.

MELBOURNE: York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade.

NEWCASTLE: Cnr. Tudor Street & Parkway Avenue, Hamilton.

PERTH: Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay Street.

HOBART: 43 Elizabeth Street.

LAUNCESTON: 82 Charles Street.

If you cannot call, send your coupons in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly, and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.

This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT—War-time conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

THERE'S A WEALTH OF HEALTH IN
Sanitarium
HEALTH FOODS

Fashion PATTERNS

F3221.—Sophisticated afternoon frock with flattering fullness on bodice and skirt and slim-fitting waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 7/8th yds., 54 inches wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3210.—Interesting detail on day frock with unusual yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 5/8th yds., 54 inches wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2103.—Attractive skating frock with new shoulder line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3 yds., 36 inches wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2104.—Belted coat with trim military lines. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 7/8th yds., 54 inches wide, and 1/8th yard contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3198.—Contrasting suit showing new shoulder-high pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds., 54 inches wide for jacket, and 1 1/2 yds., 54 inches wide for skirt. Pattern, 1/7.

F2105.—Charming child's set with frock and matching bloomers. 2 to 6 years. Requires 2 yds., 36 inches wide for frock, 1 yd., 36 inches wide for bloomers. Pattern, 1/7.

F3224.—Tailored day frock with interesting top and hipline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 7/8th yds., 54 inches wide, and 1 yd., 36 inches wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3210

F2104

F3198

F2103

F3221

F3224



Special Concession Pattern
WINTER coats for the young—4 to 10 years. No. 1 requires 2 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2 requires 2 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide, and 1-8th yard contrast. No. 3 requires 2 7-8th yds., 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:—

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4310, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 4086W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.S.W.: Box 4086W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET SUBURB
TOWN STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 36/4/41.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

DAINTY LAYETTE
... for baby

● Every mother will want one of these charming and easy-to-make sets.

JUST imagine getting an entire seven-piece wardrobe for baby for only £1/1/-! Cut in one size only, to fit infants to 12 months.

This well-designed and charming set for baby is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on the best quality winceyette, and if you do not want the complete set each piece may be purchased individually.

It consists of a popular cross-over nightgown, carrying coat, matinee jacket, bonnet, frock, bib, and petticoat. The shades available are in pastel tonings of cream, white, pink, apricot, lemon, green.

Each garment is embroidered with a small floral motif, and necklines are finished with scalloped edges all ready to be worked in buttonhole.

The most up-to-date styles are featured, yet very practical and comfortable. It is most suitable in this material for the coming winter days and nights and we guarantee our material to be the best.

Price of complete set (seven pieces), 21/-, post free.

To purchase individually: No. 1. Nightgown, 4/11, plus 3d. postage. No. 2. Carrying Coat, 5/6, plus 5d. postage. No. 3. Matinee Jacket, 3/3, plus 3d. postage. No. 4. Bonnet, 1/6, plus 1d. postage. No. 5. Frock, 4/6, plus 3d. postage. No. 6. Bib, 9d., plus 1d. postage. No. 7. Petticoat, 2/11, plus 3d. postage.

A paper pattern of the design may also be obtained. Cost of full set 2/6, or each design separate 1/- each. Transfers to match are also obtainable for 1/- extra.



YOU WILL ENJOY making this set, because it is so simple to do, yet when finished looks so very professional. It is made in winceyette that will keep baby as warm as a kitten. Obtainable at our Needlework Department.

Pep up your frocks ...

With this cutwork lapel set

THIS dainty accessory would cost a good deal to purchase in the shops, but we offer it to you, already traced on the best quality sheer linen, to embroider and work yourself.

It will bring new life to your last season's frock or jacket, and will lend a dainty touch to a new frock.

The shades available are cream, blue, salmon, lemon, green, and white. The set features just enough cutwork to give it that delicate touch. The working is most simple to manage, being almost completely in buttonhole-stitch with just the veins of the leaves in stem-stitch and the small centres in french knots.

The style will suit and fit any size neck and can be adjusted to either a deep "V" or a high lapel.

Price of set, 1/11, plus 2d. postage.



BRING A CRISP, spring-like appeal to winter frocks with this model-looking lapel set.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 100F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4988W, G.P.O. If calling 175 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



Here is why harsh purges are unnecessary and why a nut-sweet breakfast cereal provides the one safe way to keep well.



Primitive people never suffered miseries with constipation as you do. They ate plenty of raw fruit and vegetables rich in bulk. This "bulk" gave the bowel muscles plenty to "take hold of". Savages? Yes... but they weren't slaves to harsh purges. They were regular as a matter of course.

You think you have to swallow harsh cathartics simply because modern, civilized meals lack "sufficient bulk". Most of our daily staples... white bread, milk, meat, eggs and fish... contain practically no bulk at all. How about those vegetables and fruits which keep

savages regular? Okay... but the comparatively small amount of vegetables and fruit YOU eat is usually cooked. Cooking destroys bulk. Result? You become irregular.



Nasty, Dangerous and Unnecessary. Over 75% of all serious abdominal ailments in people over 45 are caused by the constant taking of harsh purgatives. All this purging is unnatural. It results in chronic irritation damaging the colon and signs of intestinal toxæmia appear.

The one safe way to get permanent relief is to obtain food rich in bulk. However, a primitive diet of raw vegetables is unnecessary because doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran, the natural bulk food that acts on your bowels in exactly the same way as fruit and vegetables. The bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft mass in the intestinal tract... where it absorbs water and acts like a sponge.



Practically no bulk at all in these staple foods.

The delicate intestinal muscles... which are weary from being constantly bogged into action by unnatural methods... are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored. When you eat Kellogg's All-Bran regularly you need no system-damaging harsh purgatives.



No fuss or bother. Enjoy nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. Just add milk or sugar. Or sprinkle it over any other favorite breakfast cereal or stewed fruit. Do this daily. Drink plenty of fluids. By the end of a week your system will be restored to normal regularity. You'll feel fit and full of life... freed from the dangerous slavery of harsh purges.

ONE WEEK LATER!

NOW I KNOW THAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN IS THE SAFE, NATURAL GENTLE WAY TO RELIEVE CONSTIPATION

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

Teething Time
comfort

You see the difference that Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders make to your baby at teething time. They cool the blood, ensure regular easy motions, and have a definite comforting action. As a result, baby suffers none of the ill-effects which so often occur when cutting the first teeth but retains that natural happy state which means so much to the busy mother.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Everybody dances . . .

SEEMS that simply everybody finishes Easter Carnival by doing rounds of the night clubs. Drop in to Romano's for a steak Diane and find among social throng lots of young people and lovely frocks.

Micky Middleton dances by with fiancé Pat Milson, in strapless black frock. They're at large table with the Mack Browns, whose daughter, Barbara Mary, is just christened. One of Barbara's godmothers, Ponty Spicer, is nearby, a large mauve orchid decorating her drifting white organza gown.

The John Bruntons are a deux . . . Mrs. B. in super tea-green crepe model, diamonds, and sapphires. Mrs. Tom Rutledge, Alastair and Philippa Stephen in family party. Plenty of reason for celebration . . . Philippa backed Thrax.

At Prince's am much taken by Judy Lawry's full-skirted white sheer with sweeping black lace hemline. Judy Playfair's pale blue satin, Mrs. Dick Newton's cocoa fox coat, and pale blue marquisette appliqued with navy lace worn by Melbourne visitor Mrs. Alan Newton.

It's different now . . .

MARIE AND PEG FAGAN and the Tim Whitneys are at Prince's, too, enjoying soft lights and sweet music of 1941 . . . "but there was more adventure in their grandparents' day," says my great-aunt Agatha.

Which starts Aunt Agatha reminiscing again. Tells me she remembers the days . . . the early '70's . . . when the pretty Fagan sisters' grandfather, John Fagan, drove Cobb and Co.'s coaches across Blue Mountains. His ten-gallon hat was shot through the crown by Gardner, the bush-ranger.

In those days both the Fagans and Whitneys were associated with Cobb and Co., who later divided up their country around Carcoar—Coombing Park being taken over by the Whitneys, and Sunny Ridge by the Fagans. Grand old Mrs. Whitney, 96 in June, has lived at Coombing ever since those bushranging days.

Dawn rising . . .

AFTER late night telephone rings about dawn . . . 9 a.m. . . and country cousins say "See you at yearling sales in an hour."

So I totter forth and find at the Inglis stables lots of racegoers . . . but ones who are really interested in horses and not merely in fashion parades.

Sit for hours enthralled by bidders nonchalantly offering thousand guineas or so . . . W. H. Mackay (fresh carnation boutonniere, as usual) looks for another Dark Elegance . . . Monty Walker hopes he's got another Yaralla . . . Otway Falkiner shows he knows something about horses as well as sheep . . . Jack Enright buys a colt for 650 guineas . . .

The Ernest Merrimans, of Yass, take up early seat in the stand; the Charlie Maslins, of Bombala, can only find steps to sit on.

June Osborne arrives with father, Dr. John, and stops to discuss hacks with Alisa Robertson. Mrs. Pudsey Dawson, Kath Cobcroft, Frank Thompson, Danie Griffin there too.

Heard around town . . .

BRINDLEY BETTINGTON didn't back the family horse, Thrax, which paid 100 to 1 on the Tote.

Nine hundred at G. H. . . .

WEATHER clears so beautifully after early torrents for late afternoon party given at Government House for 900 Red Cross Conference delegates that I wonder if Governor and Lady Wakehurst get Mr. Inigo Jones on their side. Weather prophet Jones, you remember, predicted fine Show Week and heavy rain on April 15 . . . and how right he was!

Two hundred V.A.'s help serve tea from tables completely lining verandah . . . Mrs. Bill Dawson, Ursula Barton, Dorothea Darvall, Barbara Dare I notice wrestling with outsize teapots.

Strolling towards waterfront meet Barbara Grant and V.A.'s Phyllis Young and Valerie Chapman. Barbara is one of youngest delegates . . . represents Collarenebri with Mrs. Jack Sinclair and Mrs. J. Barton.

Near fish pond I come upon Gundagal group—Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. J. Howard, Mrs. C. Petrich. And Mrs. John Laidley with sister-in-law, Cessnock delegate Mrs. Tom Street.

Like huge pearl earrings Mrs. Noel Eedy (Yass) wears with dull black ensemble, and grey tweed suit and emerald-trimmed felt worn by Mrs. Henry Kater (Oberon).

Tops in fashion . . .

PLENTY of variety in headgear adornment at cocktail party given by Lord Mayor's Younger Set at Prince's. Shirley Crick, who collects cash at door, sports border of forget-me-nots atop her head. Cousin Pauline Crick wears an Early Victorian posy . . . real one. Mrs. Ken McCathie's wide-brimmed breton of mushroom-pink felt with black under the brim is rather like a mushroom upside-down.

Red handbag is only color note with Flo Sim's dull black ensemble. Mrs. Rupert King dons blue feather toque to match powder-blue suit, and Mrs. Mick Grace is muffled in ermine.

Bid Gelling, of Quirindi, wins bottle of beer with first attempt at sticking pin into lucky number.

Suiting season . . .

EASY to pick Victorian visitors at Randwick . . . immaculate tweed suits, English felts, brogues, wool jumpers, and inevitable string of fine pearls. Blonde Nan Alderton slightly different by adopting Sydney's hatless vogue. Otherwise she conforms with green checked suit.

Catherine Neylon was in all brown. Mrs. Bruce Carnegie, too. Sandra Baillieu smart in black, and Mrs. Geoff Grimwade in browns.

Other suitings which take my eye . . . identical grey stripes worn by Mrs. Gavin Cobcroft and Heather Field. Mrs. Tony Litchfield and Pam Lloyd Jones all in grey, Mrs. Julian Mackay's lichen-green angora worn with brown accessories.

Gardenias—1500 miles . . .

JOY MINNETT wanted gardenias to carry at her wedding in Adelaide with Nugent Wallman. Finding they're out of season in Sydney, she appeals to girl friend Lorna Searl. Hot-house ones are obtained in Melbourne, flown to Sydney, and taken by bride to Adelaide when she flies across on wedding day. Much-travelled gardenias, I hear, arrive fresh as paint.



● INTRODUCING the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress' younger daughter, Patricia Crick. She has just left N.E.G.S., Armidale.



● MRS. HARRY HODSON makes up for stage appearance at Conservatorium. She leaves next month for India. Her husband has been appointed to Viceroy's staff.



● WAITING for flying-boat to land . . . Mrs. A. W. Coles, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Keith Coles at Rose Bay base when Councilor A. W. Coles returns from England.



● TWO PRETTY debutantes, Pat Blayney (left) and Helen Baldoch, at Randwick. They were also at most of the Easter parties.



● OWNER OF SAUL, Mrs. Mack Falkiner, looks pleased . . . and no wonder . . . when Lucrative romps home to complete her Mildura-Lucrative double.



● CAMERA catches Captain Harry Ormond just as he hands plate of sandwiches to his wife . . . at party for Army Medical Corps.



● ATTRACTIVE in slim black frock with pale blue beaded collar, Kath Menzies dances at Prince's with Dudley Neill.



● VOLUNTARY AIDS Val Adams and Claudia Beazley at "at home" given by Miss Barbara Knox as prelude to "Englishman's Home" exhibition, which opens on May 6.

Klipper
WOOL TIES
SCARVES AND DRESSING GOWNS
WASHABLE — UNCRUSHABLE.

ACCLAIMED
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
AS THE FINEST TIE MADE!

KLIPPER TIES are made in Australia by Australians from finest Australian materials.

Well done, Klipper! Well done, Australia!



* LARGE RANGE OF COLORS, DESIGNS AND TARTANS
Also Khakis and Air Force
Klipper BOTANY . . . 2/6
Klipper JUNIOR . . . 1/9
Klipper KANGAROO . 2/11
Klipper CRAFT Extra Large . 3/6

Insist on seeing the Klipper Label at All Mercers and Department Stores.

"PATCHAM, why were you off parade?" Old Blasphemy demanded.
Tubby swallowed unhappily a couple of times, then said:
"I'm sorry, sir, but my dog's desperately ill!"

"Your dog? Patcham, are you mad? How's your cat? And is your canary quite well? Dammit, man, you're supposed to be paid for soldiering—not zoo keeping! Report at my office at once." And the receiver went down with a bang.

"It doesn't make much odds," Tubby explained to Elaine wearily. "In any case, I'd have lost the command." He buckled on his sword-belt. "I'll just have to go home and change my sword for an umbrella," he ended miserably.

"Darling, you were always two jumps behind the fashion," Elaine said. But she smiled as she spoke.

Tubby hadn't seen her smile like that for a considerable time. He looked from her to the dog. And he saw the dull eyes of Mister Boo, obviously wondering why his master was leaving him at this critical time. They were fixed on him wistfully.

Tubby squared his shoulders. For the life of him he couldn't go over to the dog. He turned quickly to the door. "Confound the general!" he said. But his remark ended on a note that was suspiciously near a sob.

As he crossed the verandah he encountered Major Feltwell, still in his pyjamas, taking the morning air.

"What's the—ah—trouble?" Feltwell asked. "I—ah—heard your dog breathing and wondered if he was—ah—ill, what?"

"Very ill!" said Tubby thickly. "In fact, he's dying."

"Ah, my dear Patcham, why on earth didn't you—ah—call me?"

"Why should I call you?" snarled

Tubby. "You were anoring fit to choke yourself. Pity you didn't!" he added as an afterthought. He strode over to the general's office.

Only when he stood before Old Blasphemy's desk did he discover the state he was in. He was unshaven. His uniform jacket was crumpled and bespattered with the whisky Mister Boo had spilt during the night. His belt and buttons had not been polished.

The general studied him with interest. Then:

"Tell me why you were absent without leave, Major Patcham," he began. "And kindly omit all that infernal nonsense about your dog."

"Tubby looked down thoughtfully. He was tired and overwrought. He'd lost everything. By now, Mister Boo was probably dead. He took a deep breath.

"Listen," he began gently; "you can pass me over for promotion, sir, and you can send in an adverse report on my service." He paused.

"You can, in fact, do what you like, you bottlenecked old profligate. But, by heaven, I'm going to tell you a few things, now I've got nothing to lose.

"You can sit there like a flat-footed shark, but if you'd ever sat up all night while your dog had his forepaws in the Happy Hunting Grounds and tried to drag him back to life, you might have developed a grain of humanity and decency in your fantastic anatomy. But as you're nothing better than a cross between a conceited old he-goat and an amatory python," Tubby went on, warming to his theme, "you wouldn't understand. And if you think this is only my own opinion, it may interest you to know that my wife, Elaine, who detests your drunken attentions, provided me

A Dog's Life

Continued from page 17

with most of the observations I'm employing about you. In fact, she referred to you as a mutton-headed mountebank and an immoral old sepulchre."

After the first few sentences the general made no attempt to stem the flow. He appeared to be making copious notes, and he stared at Tubby from time to time, but he did not interrupt. He continued to stare, even when Tubby concluded:

"But as your apology for an intellect won't grasp words of more than two syllables, my vocabulary is sadly curtailed. Good morning, sir."

Only when Tubby saluted smartly and turned on his heel did the general gasp: "Well—!" Tubby paused just long enough to say: "I'm glad, at least, you've got that clear."

In the doorway Tubby met the senior subaltern of his regiment.

"Morning, Tubby!" said the subaltern cheerfully. And: "What do you mean by calling me 'Tubby'?" came the immediate response. "In future, you address me as 'sir,' confound your impertinence!"

But if there had been a metamorphosis in Tubby, Elaine, too, was quite altered when he reached the bungalow. She ran down the drive to meet him.

"He's much better, Tubby; he's going to live!" she cried. "It was Major Feltwell, the darling! He saved our Mister Boo! Produced medicines, and got a steam kettle going. He was wonderful!"

"Major Feltwell? Wonderful?"

"Yes. He seems to know all about dogs." As she spoke, Feltwell came out on the verandah.

"Well—ah—naturally," he said smiling. "After all, I'm a vet."

"You're a what? I thought you'd come to take over command of the battalion!" Tubby said.

"Nonsense! I've come up to—ah—relieve the vet from the cavalry lines while he's on leave. Must dig out a uniform and—ah—report. Why—ah—I told your wife I—ah—was in the R.A.V.C. The Royal Army Veterinary Corps, y'know, what?"

"But I thought you said—"

Elaine stopped and looked uncomfortable. "How silly of me," she ended lamely. Tubby could hear her whispering: "Ah—a V.C.," and "R.A.V.C.," trying to get it straight.

Together they hurried into the room where Mister Boo, his eyes bright and his breathing more regular, wobbled towards them.

Meanwhile, across the parade ground, General Sir Hubert Trumpington was already dealing with the question of the battalion command.



A SIMPLE yet effective afternoon frock sponsored by Lelong in eye-catching black-and-beige shantung.

"Well, I'm jiggered," he repeated. "Plastered at nine in the morning. And I thought he was one of those namby-pamby fellows!" He sniffed appreciatively. The faint aroma of Mister Boo's rejected whisky still hung in the air. "Hope he doesn't make a habit of it. And what a flow of foul language! Why, he left me simply standing!" He glanced at the notes he had been making and added: "Of course he must get the command. The man's hard as nails." Then he turned to his staff officer and asked, "By the way, how many 'is' in python?"

(Copyright)

PETER'S COLD WAS GONE ON THURSDAY

... So I Went to the Luncheon After All!



TUESDAY, I phoned Elsie. "Peter is home from school with a cold. You know how his colds hang on. I'll miss the club lunch on Thursday".



"LISTEN," said Elsie, who is a nurse. "You need to fight a cold in three places at once—in the nose, throat, and chest. Then it goes fast. How do you do it? Why, just get a jar of Vicks VapoRub. Rub it on his throat, chest, and back. Now, do try it!"



SO, AT BEDTIME, I gave Peter a rub with VapoRub. His breathing grew easier as he inhaled the vapours. His cough was relieved. And he said his chest felt warm and comfy.



HE SLEPT like a log, undisturbed all night. And VapoRub's vapour and poultice actions must have gone on working, for he woke next morning feeling wonderfully better!



ON THURSDAY, off he went to school! I was certainly thankful for VapoRub. It saved him days of misery, and days of school absence. And I got to that luncheon after all!

Colds Go Faster When You Fight Them in Nose, Throat, and Chest ALL at Once

Every cold puts nose, throat, and chest in danger—often all three are in trouble. So take no chances! Without any fussing, without any risk of stomach upset, you can bring help to nose, throat, and chest all at the same time—by simply rubbing on VapoRub.

1. MEDICATED VAPOURS, released by the body warmth, are breathed in straight

to the irritated membranes—which only vapours can reach direct. They soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, ease breathing.

2. LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain. It is this double action that so quickly brings comfort and, working for hours, breaks up most colds overnight.



You relieve ALL these miseries when you rub on

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

BACKACHE



De Witt's Pills

brought quick relief

Backache is often due to an unhealthy or weak condition of the kidneys. De Witt's Pills act so effectively and so quickly in banishing backache, because they go right to the root of the trouble—the kidneys. Within 24 hours of taking De Witt's Pills you will have visible proof that they are at work—cleansing away the backache-causing impurities and restoring the kidneys to healthy activity again. With kidneys working as Nature intended, the cause of your pain and weakness is cleared right out of the system.

Don't wait for backache to get you down! Take two De Witt's Pills tonight—you'll see results in the morning. As you persevere with this remedy the quick benefit you receive will become lasting freedom from pain. Not only will De Witt's Pills end your backache, but their tonic effect will make life really worth living.

Mrs. E. W. has a hopeful, encouraging message for all who suffer from backache and kidney trouble. She writes: "I have suffered with a weak back. Sometimes I got it very badly—a continual pain that seemed to take all the energy and strength from me. Some six months ago I was recommended to try De Witt's Pills. I kept on with them, and I can assure you that not only has my backache gone, but my general health has been far better than ever it was before I took De Witt's Pills." E. W.

Writing several years later Mrs. E. W. says:—"I still owe my good health to De Witt's Pills."

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/12, and 6/.

Approval No. 173.

Hollywood like Oxford

Author Louis Golding finds both cities all-talkie in latest book

"Hollywood is like Oxford."

This surprising comparison is made by novelist Louis Golding in his new book of travel reminiscences, "The World I Knew."

He has written this book, he says, because "the world is not going to be the same any more. Before its aspect is wholly changed I wish to make some sort of picture of the world I knew."

THE comparison between Oxford and Hollywood is "not the ghost of a bright undergraduate remark," he explains. "I enjoyed Hollywood because it was more like Oxford than any place I have ever been to."

"I have always been conscious that my deficiencies (pocket, temperament, social status) prevented me from getting more than one-tenth of the pleasure Oxford might have given me if I had been more fortunate."

"... There is the perpetual sense of beauty in the background in both places," he writes.

"In Oxford it was the buildings, the incomparably lovely buildings."

"In Hollywood it was the landscape, the sea and sky, the hills, the tawny desert under the hills, the poinsettias that curled in at your windows, the oranges and lemons that burned in the gardens."

"In both places splendid youth was in the foreground, with the feeling that cunning age was in the background pulling the strings."

"Male youth at Oxford is as fine as it is made. (Female youth does not show at its best in cap and gown and horn-rimmed spectacles.)"

"The emphasis is shifted in Hollywood. The male youth tends to be rather tough than handsome."

"Female youth is so beautiful that as you move from studio to studio, from swell joint to common drug-store, your breath keeps on stopping short in your windpipe."

"Hollywood is the magnet for all the lovely girls in America—and not America alone. The girl who had the room next to mine at Beverly Hills was a Mayfair mannequin. The girl on the floor just below had been a midinette in Montparnasse."

"Many voyage thither and few are chosen even as extras. The consequence is that when you ask a public stenographer to send round a girl to take down your letter you suddenly find yourself staring into eyes as blue as cornflowers, under a head of hair like a glade of daffodils."

"It is a little unnerving to go into a drugstore to order a hamburger steak and be served by a girl as exquisite as the Pompadour."

"I was saying that my Hollywood kept on reminding me of Oxford. There was the talk. It is only in Oxford and Hollywood that such catenacts of talk go roaring on from dawn to midnight, from midnight to dawn."

"There are the 'conferences' in which the directors and the script-writers get together. There are the actors who invite each to parties and talk... How they talk!"

Call for action

"THEN suddenly the message comes through that they are wanted on a new picture or on retakes for an old one. Then the talk snaps in midair."

"Undergraduates are exactly like that when they suddenly realise that they are sitting for an examination in two days, and there is a term's work to be done by then. They, too, stop talking and get down to the job. They wear cold towels, of course, instead of green make-up."

"There is the same sense in both places of fabulous money being spent. I need not say that the actual money spent in the film colony in Hollywood is inconceivably more than the money spent by Oxford undergraduates."

"But you do know that in both places folk are spending far more money than they should, you know that trademen are very dangerously obliging, you know that folk are mortgaging their futures for years and years to come."



LOUIS GOLDING, whose latest work is a book of travel reminiscences, "The World I Knew."

"Is it suggested that it is preposterous to compare the mellow antiquity of the Oxford Colleges with the glimmering impermanence of the Hollywood studios?"

"Nothing could have been less impermanent than the barge I saw wallowing in a Hollywood tank, the barge on which the lamented Marie Dressler some time previously had functioned so stalwartly as Tugboat Annie..."

"Finally this. I remember before I went up to Oxford in what terrific awe I stood of the president of the Union, the president of the University Boat Club, and the various other university mandarins."

"The awe survived till I actually set eyes on these archangelic figures. The result was at once disillusioning and comforting."

"The worthy gentlemen only had two eyes apiece and five fingers on each hand."

"It was like that in Hollywood, only more so... It doesn't matter how blasé you think you are, it comes as something of a shock to see that Gary Cooper is just life-size, and Maureen O'Sullivan is so tiny that you can wrap her up in a pocket handkerchief."

"The World I Knew." By Louis Golding. Hutchinson. (Our copy from N.S.W. Bookstall Co.).

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

Take It!
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Trouble Take 'Elasto', the Great Remedy that acts through the blood, have done with enforced rest, and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen veins are restored to a healthy condition. Skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What Is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and de-vitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 15522, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.840).

Thousands Hail New Shampoo's Glorifying Action... Proved by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE. LEFT—illustrates soap-washed side of head. Hair dulled by "alkali-film." RIGHT—illustrates Colinated side. Hair shining, silky bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

- 4 Amazing Advantages Clearly Proved:
1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
 2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
 3. Makes 'perming' faster, safer.
 4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



Half the hair washed with Colinated foam—other half with a fine soap or powder shampoo—nothing affected results except the shampoos themselves.



Why Hair Glitters After this New Shampoo. LEFT—shows dull film left by soap. RIGHT—Colinated foam leaves hair shining.

DON'T be handicapped a day longer with drab, dull-looking hair. Thrill to see it glorified at your first trial of this revolutionary new shampoo. For its amazing results have been proved by perhaps the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo. Many leading hair stylists marvel at its safe, beautifying action... and women are switching to it by thousands every week.

In these half-head "show-down" tests, women have one side of their head washed with the marvellous new Colinated foam Shampoo—the other side with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And look at the results. 1. Hair more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother, silkier. 3. Took better permanents, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

This amazing new shampoo is not a soap, not an oil, but a crystal-clear liquid—prepared by the exclusive, patented "Colinating" process. You can feel the difference the instant you try it on your hair. Changes in a flash to a rich, magic-cleansing foam—five times more active than alkaline soap lather—and washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "scalp-accum" or oily residue to remove. One quick water rinse leaves hair sparkling with polished cleanliness.

Hair that thrills with its glistening glory can be yours with this new Colinated foam Shampoo. Make a test on your own hair and give it sparkling loveliness. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Colinated foam Shampoo. (Bottle lasts months—costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

The secret of SMOOTH WHITE HANDS...



When your hands are red and rough, smooth some of Pond's Hand Lotion into your skin. It feels so silky and soothing—never greasy or sticky.

Because Pond's Hand Lotion feels so good you can leave it on all night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a rich, concentrated skin-softerner, so you use less of it.



Do this every night for soft white hands...

Just before stepping into bed each night sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage in well with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After this treatment you will be thrilled to see how much whiter and smoother your hands become.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/1 a bottle at all stores and chemists, and 1/10 for occasional large bottle containing more than twice as much.

★ Your chemist recommends it.



The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

THE COLOURS DEFY WASHING

The Texture laughs at Time!

Woven from the finest Egyptian yarn, styled for the modern man and woman and (if you like) gracefully initialed. For men 1/3 with man-tailored borders and bold modern patterns (initialed 1/6); for ladies 1d. with initials (1/2).

A PIONEER PRODUCT

NILE

THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES.

Manufactured by PIONEER SOFTGOODS INDUSTRIES PT. LTD., 114 Broadway, SYDNEY

Old-time thriller romance as radio serial

"East Lynne" to be played by 2GB

More than 50 years ago Mrs. Henry Wood wrote her typically Victorian romance, "East Lynne." Yet, after all these years, it remains a firm favorite with readers.

This book with its spacious and gracious atmosphere has been dramatised into a radio serial.

It will be presented by 2GB at a morning radio entertainment beginning on Monday, April 28, at 11 o'clock.

This continues 2GB's policy of morning dramatic programmes which were so successfully inaugurated with the historical series, "Joan of Arc."

FEW plays, with a possible exception of "Charley's Aunt," have been so frequently revived and have survived all changes of taste. In addition it has been made into a movie, and now as a radio series it continues to make new friends.

The secret of "East Lynne's" success lies in its story.

It has a murder theme; exciting situations; romance, and heart-tugs.

In the radio version it has also many of the favorite songs of yesterday to add a touch of "Lavender and Old Lace" to what is essentially a period piece.

Queenie Ashton, who starred in London in "Kid Boots" and other musical shows and who has been heard in Australian radio in many roles, plays the central character of Lady Isabella.

During the production she sings "When Other Lips" and similar Victorian ballads.

Supporting her are Harvey Adams as Archibald Carlyle, Ronald Morse as Francis Levison, Lola Kelly as Barbara Hare, and Leslie Victor, Lyndall Barbour, Lennard Bennett, Nellie Ferguson, Howard Craven, Lou Vernon, Malva Drummond, Dan Agar, and many others.

Versatile producer

PRODUCER of the show is George Matthews, a journalist with ambitions to become an actor right from the days when he wrote pantomimes for a model theatre at his boyhood home in England.

For seven years he was a reporter and sub-editor in Melbourne. Then on returning to Australia from a story-gathering journey across Arabia, in 1931, he went into radio, winning prizes for his play, "Two White Gates," and his operetta, "Rasuli, Rascal of Baghdad."

Apart from producing "East Lynne," he plays the role of the sinister poacher, Otway Bethel, implicated in the murder which threads its exciting way through most of the 52 episodes.

Although the script follows the original story faithfully from beginning to end, the dramatist has taken the precaution of removing any improbabilities that may spoil the enjoyment of the story by people of to-day.

He has also avoided those mid-Victorian terms of speech which seem at times laughable to modern

The answer is—

- 1—Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Blamey.
- 2—Coated with a special varnish that takes a high polish.
- 3—Cappadocia.
- 4—Red on a white ground.
- 5—"Nor iron bars a cage."
- 6—Greece and Bulgaria.
- 7—Volt.
- 8—1915.
- 9—Portraits.
- 10—Naphthalene.

Questions on page 16

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, April 23.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, April 24.—Musical Alphabet.

FRIDAY, April 25.—"Melody Mysteries." Competition and Results.

SATURDAY, April 26.—Goodie Reeve presents "Memories for the Asking."

SUNDAY, April 27.—June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk — Gardening by the Stars. Special: More about Nostradamus.

MONDAY, April 28.—"With the A.L.F. Overseas."

TUESDAY, April 29.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.



QUEENIE ASHTON, who plays Lady Isabella in 2GB's serialisation of "East Lynne."

ers, as readers have shed a tear in other years.

The charming voice of Queenie Ashton as Lady Isabella will lend appeal to the part.

She received singing lessons from the late Dame Nellie Melba while she was staying at Dame Nellie's country home, Coombe Cottage, Lilydale, Victoria.

Queenie Ashton played before Royalty in London.

She danced with the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales. A keen motorist, she raced her own car at Brooklands.

Yesterday's classic returns

as your MORNING radio

dramatic entertainment.

"EAST LYNNE"

with charming Queenie Ashton in the role of Lady Isabella, supported by an all-star cast with many famous names.

11 a.m. **2GB**
Monday to Friday



"There's something in this auto-suggestion stuff! I've been sayin' to myself all this week—I'll get summonsed for the rent... I'll get summonsed for the rent... And what do you know? This morning I GOT the summons!"

MEET

"MRS. 'OBBS'"

EVERY MON., TUES., WED., THURS.

2GB AT 7.30 p.m.

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY
JUNE MARSDEN

Astrologically Taurus is now in charge of things, and people born between April 21 and May 22 are due for better times.

TTAURIANS generally should now feel pleased with life and make plans to take advantage of their opportunities.

They should get busy and get in motion those enterprises or changes they have been contemplating or hoping for, for if commenced under the starry radiations now reaching the earth they have a better chance than usual of working out successfully.

Taurians should also endeavor to cut out some of their bad habits and concentrate on the cultivation of their more desirable ones.

Chief among Taurian faults are greed, possessiveness, sulkiness, laziness, and sudden fits of violent temper. The fact that they can remain placid, agreeable and charming most of the time is no excuse for the fits of rage to which they give way when crossed or jealous and otherwise upset.

Therefore they should make a birthday resolve—to try to overcome some of their basic faults and replace them with genuine virtues. Thus they will earn the regard of others—an element which is essential to their true happiness in life.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Don't be too venturesome now, unless in projects which were started during the last weeks of April. Spend your energies on consolidating recent gains and present position. April 26 (before 10 a.m.) slightly helpful. May 1, 2 and 3 rather poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Opportunities may come your way at this time. Make the most of things by planning ahead and seeking promotion, favorable changes, new friendships, additional happiness, and general gains. April 26 (from 10 a.m. onwards), 27 and 28 should produce the most helpful radiations. May 1, 2 and 3 should be next best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): An unspectacular time for most Geminians through the first glimmerings of future opportunities may appear. Plan ahead for better times. Meanwhile concentrate on getting routine matters well in hand. April 30 and May 1 (to 10 a.m.) just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Things improve slightly now, and recent difficulties should be smoothed out satisfactorily. Very fair opportunities may present themselves. Too, and with hard work and wisdom on your part may be turned to good account. Make the most of May 1, 2 and 3.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Take precautions against discord, obstacles, worry and upsets. Try to avoid changes; do not be venturesome or aggressive. Be particularly wise, patient and wary on April 26, 27 and 28 and May 3 (evening).

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): Be up and doing. Many can win additional success and happiness at this time, especially on April 26, 27 and 28, with May 1 (after 10 a.m.), 2 and 3 next best. Work hard.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): Just a week of days for most Librans. A good time to get routine tasks out of the way, and start to plan for the near future, when better times come your way. Meanwhile April 29 and 30 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): Observe all possible caution and try to keep to the regular, reliable ways of life. Do not make changes or start new enterprises for they will be dogged by difficulties. Better to wait several weeks. Be particularly careful on April 26, 27 and 28.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Consolidate any past gains and settle your affairs in reliable channels. In readiness against possible difficulties as this month grows older. Do not begin new ventures of importance or make momentous changes. April 26 (before 10 a.m.) just fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 21): Be your shrewd, competent and ambitious selves now. You can realize some of those big ideas and hopes of yours if you go the right way about it. But don't demand too much of others. April 26 (after 10 a.m.), 27 and 28 best.

AQUARIUS (January 22 to February 21): Plan for the near future by getting all outstanding matters out of the way or well in hand. But do not attempt new big projects just yet. Your stars are definitely against you now. Be especially cautious, patient and wise on April 26, 27 and 28 and May 3 (late).

PISCES (February 22 to March 21): Quite a fair time for many Pisceans, especially if May 1 (after 10 a.m.), 2 and 3 are used constructively.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are taken by bandits to a mountain retreat where they see **SONNY WHITE:** Who, with her father, is being held for ransom. Sonny is trying to escape, and to aid her Mandrake uses magic to halt her pursuer.

Armed with swords the bandits, at their chief's command, launch an attack upon Mandrake, who, by hypnotic suggestion, transforms himself into two men. At the same time he warns them that one is real while the other explodes like dynamite at the slightest touch. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Australian HERCULES



BUILDS MUSCLE BONE AND NERVES

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose—quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus—to build bone and nerves. Calcium—to build bone and muscular tissue and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur—mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins—to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.



HOT OR COLD

OVALTINE

Is Food and Drink to You

At all chemists and stores—1/9, 2/10, 5/-

1-18-41

He might be your son. He is young Australian!

Before you realise it he will have grown to youth and manhood. Will he be strong? Will he be a true son of virile Australia? That depends on you, not on him.

His strength of frame, his strength of muscle, his strength of nerve and courage are for you to decide, now, while he is growing.

It depends on you whether he has food to build strong bones, food for his muscles, food for his brain and nerves, food to give him energy, food to protect him against illness.

All these foods are in Ovaltine. Give him delicious Ovaltine to drink in milk every single day and he will have the food he needs to grow into a great strong son of whom you will be proud. One of the sons who will make the future of Australia.

MOLLY had scared the boys properly. They came through in good style and gave Trudy a rush, and she never knew. At least I hope not, though sometimes I wondered why she gave me that alligator-skin purse as a graduating present. We had all agreed not to give one another anything.

Warming up for a high school graduation in Illinois would be good training for international diplomats. I wonder if anyone takes Harvard and Yale commencements as hard as those kids do their diploma stuff in Manitou. And were we sore, the clerk of the Board of Education fell sick or something and we were handed dummy diplomas that hadn't been lettered out; just blank rolls of paper tied with ribbon, and we were tipped off not to open them in public.

Of course all the parents wanted to look at them as we stood at the reception afterwards, and the kids had to make all sorts of excuses. Mr. Sheldon, the grand old Latin teacher, who knew about it, winked to me in private and said, "Kitty, remember your diploma's a blank sheet of paper, that's the most valuable suggestion in your whole course." I didn't quite know what he meant, but I get it now.

One of the tough spots was something you wouldn't expect. Uncle Elmer was on the Board of Education and was to give out prizes so he had to wear his evening clothes. That was always a crisis because he needed a whole bathroom to himself for I don't know how long. He said he had to lie and soak in a hot tub for at least half an hour to get his beard soft enough to shave.

With Auntie in one bathroom and Uncle in the other there was hardly time enough for me to get dressed properly. Auntie got peeved at last and started hammering on the door. "Who's going to be graduated, you or Kitty?" Uncle was in there mumbling to himself because he had to make a speech. I think he was disappointed because I didn't get any of the prizes. But I was one of those who had to stand up when our names were read out as Gammagams for High Moral Tone. I was never so ashamed.

All the graduates had to sit on a sort of grandstand built up on the stage. None of us were used to such high heels and each girl as she stood up pretty nearly took a dive. Uncle's speech was awful, too. He had to get in something about standing with reluctant feet.

There weren't any reluctant feet when the Board of Education got through with us and the reception for parents and families was over. The gang got together out at Clubfoot Lake where they had a dance platform right by the water and

Gammagams were no longer responsible for community ideals.

It was queer to feel all of a sudden so grown-up in our heads and yet so light on our feet. Those wide swishy dresses do make your legs feel independent. But it was really a very orderly little party, somehow we felt the world hadn't changed as much as we thought it was going to.

Maybe one reason the crowd was so well behaved was because Jess Cornish was out at the Clubfoot Pavilion. We all got a kick out of Jess because she really was stunning, but also, we knew, the ways kids do, that she was headed for all kinds of grief. She came to our table and gave us one of her big shiny mascara winks and looked over the nice boys in their duck trousers. "Don't let any of these men get too smart," she said, kidding.

After that one acknowledgment of our existence Jess paid no attention, she seemed to be selling her partner a bill of goods of the most confidential nature. She sort of spoiled some of the good fellowship of the party, because there was something about her that bothered us.

I THINK some of us would have liked a stroll through the grove just for the quietness of it and think it over in pairs, but Jess had gone off through the trees with that calculating laugh of hers and it took away some of the flavor.

After Jess went away and quit high hatting the kids, the dancing was smooth. We must have run grooves in that Blue Room record. Dancing is wonderful training for girls, it's the first way you learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it. You find yourself laughing and say "I'm having fun." With the right kind of partner you don't have to "follow," you know with perfect sureness every move he'll make. You know it sooner than he does.

Freddie thought it would be nice to go swimming and see if we could find where the moon really came from, but we had Fedor along and that was always a good excuse for anything we didn't feel like doing.

Besides, I said, Pattysbells will be sitting up for me, and he's getting old.

Pattysbells wasn't the only one who was getting old. I could tell it in Pop by the way he crabbed about changes in Philly. The L stairs were too much for him, but

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 3

once in a while we'd get on a trolley car and make the long ride downtown for him to visit his haunts.

I wish I'd listened more to things he said, I could have learned a lot about the old town. In his big cricketer days he associated so much with gentry and went around to the swell taverns. But like all kids my mind was mostly inside my own head and I was thinking about Me. Molly Scharf and I kept up a big correspondence about what we were going to do at college that fall.

Mostly Pop didn't go out much that summer. Mac was married now and living in Tioga; he got a good opening in a big radio factory. That was how we got a radio at trade discount, we set it up in the kitchen and Pop would sit and listen for hours. But he never got so he could do something else at the same time, and when he wanted to look over his cricket pictures or read the "Ledger" we had to turn it off. Also he said he missed hearing Myrtle sing to herself while she was working.

I knew he was a bit shaky when he slowed down on whisky and even got a kind of religious streak, used to go round to Friends' Meetings. "I been down a lot of back-alley in my time but it's good to come back to Orthodox Street," he said.

"Listen, kid," said Mac, "the old man's sure getting soft, he even said something nice about John Wana-maker."

I didn't get much amusement that summer but I didn't miss it. I was busy reading the Prairie College catalogue and keeping house and once in a while a movie and a dish of ice-cream with some of the neighborhood kids. There was a bunch of us dug out our old roller skates and used to go up to the big pavements near the high school on warm evenings. Smart alecs laughed at us, said roller skates were just for grammar school children, but I noticed that after a while everybody else took it up.

I used to trim up the back yard. Pop was too rickety to do it. There was a hot little corner down back of the hollyhocks, I guess I was kind of dreamy, I used to like to stand in there and get what I called the be-alone feeling.

In the house I was all the time right up against Pop or Myrtle or somebody or something. You need that be-alone feeling. When I had it I didn't feel quite right about going back to Manitou, maybe I ought to stay home and look after the old man. But he had set his heart on my getting a chance at college.

Mac said he didn't think I ought to miss it. Mac was in great shape that year. Come to think of it he was just the same age I am now, and 1928 must have been a good year to be that age. He married a good-looking, who also had sense. Even Pop liked Martha. Mac said him and Martha would come over regularly to see Pop was O.K., and of course Myrtle was there. I didn't like the idea of Pop being alone at night, but Mac said he could afford to get a phone put in.

Then I got that form letter from the Dean of Women at Prairie saying freshmen would report such and such a date for the week of Registration and Orientation.

Wyn always loved to have me tell about my College Education. Because that week of Registration and Orientation, and a purple felt banner, was about all I got.

Please turn to page 42

SALLY PULLS IT OFF!



Gentle as a toilet soap... lasts much longer



AT EVERY PARTY, SALLY SANDS IS CALLED 'THE CHILD WITH GRUBBY HANDS'



THOSE GRUBBY HANDS CAUSED ROWS GALORE TILL MUM BOUGHT SOLVOL AT HER STORE



NOW VISITORS ARE MOST IMPRESSED FOR SALLY ALWAYS LOOKS THE BEST

Mother! Solvol cleans with ease Children's grubby hands and knees.

Because Solvol has something no ordinary soap has... a thick, penetrating lather that makes grass stains, crayon and plain ordinary dirt disappear like magic! Yet Solvol's easy on even a toddler's sensitive skin. Keep a cake in your bathroom.

DON'T LET GREY HAIR AGE YOU!

Why sacrifice youth to grey hair? You can recolor your hair with INECTO in 30 minutes as nature does, from inside the hair shaft. It will not fade, wash off, or soil pillows. Absolutely permanent and cannot be detected. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package. Eighteen natural colours to choose from.

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

Formal meetings not necessary to-day

I THINK I. M. Dorman's ideas (5/4/41) are too old-fashioned. In these days of hurry and bustle, the young people don't seem to need formal introductions.

If, as you say, you brought your daughters up with great care, you should now be able to trust them.

You have given them the right ideas, and you can surely rely on their judgment in choosing friends. Vera Macgregor, Stokes St., Griffith, Canberra, A.C.T.

Not old-fashioned

IT is not old-fashioned to want your daughters to meet their men friends formally.

Girls should be introduced to their friends, who should also be brought home and introduced to mother.

I was always taught to bring my men friends home and I'm sure my mother appreciated the respect shown her.

Mrs. J. McCutcheon, 33 Castle-
reagh St., Redfern, N.S.W.

A different age

YOU have not failed in your duty, Mrs. Dorman, neither are your misgivings exaggerated as every mother must worry for her daughter.

But your girls do belong to a



BRING your friends home to meet mother.

different age — one of freedom and independence and a more public social life which has "small place" for formality.

I am afraid if the young ones these days waited on ceremony there would be many a young heart lonely and overlooked.

The wise mother does not worry about introductions.

She is a pal and confidante to her girls, keeps open house for them, and asks them to bring their friends home.

In this way she meets their men friends and is able to reassure herself quietly about the company they are keeping.

Miss Gwen Miller, 38 Pyne St., Caulfield, Vic.



This is why she
is always so
calm, cool,
collected—

She chews healthful, delicious WRIGLEY'S daily to soothe her nerves and keep her mind on what she is doing. Washing day, kiddies' tantrums, unexpected guests—nothing unnerves her. Chewing WRIGLEY'S is Nature's way to strong, bright, healthy teeth. It removes the tiny food particles that lodge between the teeth, thus impeding decay. Besides, chewing WRIGLEY'S regularly is a splendid aid to your attractiveness.

It tautens and strengthens the muscles of your face, and helps your cheeks and chin to regain their natural contour. These delicious flavours—P.K. (pure natural peppermint), Spearmint (essence of fresh garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). Buy several packets to-day and always have a supply handy for the kiddies.

WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for
Your Choice. An Australian
Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU23

So They Say

MALICIOUS GOSSIP

CAN anyone see any sense in sitting around at afternoon tea or standing in the street and pulling another person's reputation to pieces?

Yet it is done, especially by women.

They gossip about what they hear, which nine times out of ten is utterly untrue.

Let the younger generation enjoy themselves and women refrain from making malicious statements which are untrue and uncalled for.

Miss Joan Malcolm, Box 102, Barmora, S.A.

ENDEARING NAMES

COURTING couples and newly-weds take pleasure in terms of endearment and acts of loving kindness. Unfortunately, as the years pass, those couples who retain the ability to "bill and coo" become the exception rather than the rule.

Cannot couples, without being too sentimental, cease to be just breadwinner and housekeeper?

Mrs. A. E. Oswin, Box 30, Ayr, Qld.

NURSERY RHYMES

READING nursery rhymes to my small son the other day, and having to explain them, I wondered why we stick to the same old rhymes that have been handed down to us and treated with the respect accorded "classics."

The English and rhyming are bad, and many words obsolete, so that it's hard for children to understand them.

I would like to see modern rhymes in modern language written for children or, if written already, given more publicity.

Mrs. G. Young, 5 Eastern Valley Way, Northbridge, N.S.W.

NICER NAME

IS "Mother" the most beautiful word for a loved parent?

I know a lovely white-haired lady who is called "Dearest," always, by an admiring husband and two tall sons.

This is much more beautiful and dignified than the common "Mother" or commoner still "Mum."

Noel Ross, 82 Westbrook St., East Kew, Vic.

Health our most valuable asset

IN the past too high a value has been set on money and possessions. If the war does nothing else it may drive home the fact that health is the most valuable possession a human being can have.

Only the fittest of our male population are chosen for the Army, the Air Force, and the Navy.

In a country like Australia it is possible for everyone to be healthy, and the health of the nation rests on the intelligence of women.

They must be fit to rear healthy children, and they must have a sound knowledge of food values if their families are to be well nourished.

Sustaining food is not dependent on the size of the wage envelope.

It is the duty of every woman to equip herself for the job of homemaker, for a nation rises or falls according to the health and strength of its women.

El for this letter to Mrs. J. Turnbull, P.O., Wagerup, W.A.

Father deserves more confidence

IT is only too true, C. Seaborn (5/4/41), that when the children grow up father is no longer regarded with respect.

They seem to think that because father has not had the opportunities which they have had he is not worth bothering about, totally overlooking the fact that it was he who made their opportunities possible.

Joan Hogg, Barn Hill Rd., Terri-
gal, N.S.W.

Father lovable

IF father becomes alienated from his children as they grow older it is because they do not understand his sudden change from a lovable play-fellow to a seemingly harsh and forbidding parent.

Really, father is just as lovable and children are well advised to heed his warnings. I would suggest that they talk their problems over with father as well as mother.

Give him your confidence and I feel certain you will get a sympathetic hearing, but do not be afraid to approach him simply because he voices his opinions in no uncertain manner.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Pde., Alderley, Brisbane.

No confidence

FOR mothers to frighten their children with "I'll tell father" shows lack of control and confidence. Father should be looked upon as a friend as well as a protector, and this cannot be so if fear takes the place of companionship.

If parents would interest themselves in their children's studies and recreation, and win their confidence and friendship, there would be between them that understanding which is so important. It would be much preferable to making the children look upon the "breadwinner" as a Judge.

G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

A good pal

FATHER is just as good a pal as mother if only the young people would realise this.

Try taking father into your confidence and see how delighted he is to listen to your problems.

Children would do well, also, to heed his advice.
G. Harrington, King's Park Rd., West Perth.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

Music dispels our worries and troubles

I ENTIRELY disagree with J. Mackenzie (5/4/41) concerning jitterbug music.

We must move with the times, and gay rhythm makes us feel gay. Incidentally, it helps us forget our troubles in these worrying times.

Miss A. Wise, Chilton St., Ararat, Vic.

A throwback

THE reason for the popularity of jitterbug music is the chaotic state of world affairs.

Many people are unsettled just now, hence the craze for one particular tune for a while, then on with another.

Also the present generation was born during those crazy, violent years after the last war, when the world was so upset. Jitterbug music is one of the "throwbacks."

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Old melodies

IT does seem a pity that most people prefer jitterbug music to some of the beautiful melodies written by Strauss and other famous composers.

Life would be more enjoyable by far if the younger generation learnt



Orchestra sets the pace for "jitterbugs."

to appreciate the more natural and beautiful things in life.

Miss June Bryson, 55 Hunter St., Castlemaine, Vic.

Waltzes best

NOTHING can compare with the good old-fashioned waltz, and I find it hard to discover just what is the fascination of the so-called music of to-day.

Dance music when I was young was melodious and pretty and the tunes certainly lasted longer than a few months.

It seems a pity to make back numbers of these tunes in favor of the crazy music of to-day.

Mrs. J. Browne, Best St., Devonport, Tas.

THOUGHTLESS VISITORS

WHY is it that most people expect the farmer to give away any quantity of his produce to town and city friends?

No one minds giving away any surplus produce that is not needed, but most people do not want this as it is usually second-grade.

The farmer and his wife and children often have to work like slaves to make ends meet, and they do not want to give the best of their produce away, so please remember this in future, farmers' friends, next time you go visiting in the country.

Mrs. L. T. Gutteridge, Spring Creek, Stanthorpe, Qld.

ARE WE WASTEFUL?

I RECENTLY overheard a foreigner declare that Australians were over-indulgent and are the most wasteful of all races.

Considering the subject I am rather inclined to agree with him, viewing the enormous food wastage and the popularity of all sports and the money spent on them.

Still, if these are the worst of our vices then Australians have a lot to be thankful for.

Miss E. Ferguson, 35 Beach Ave., Elwood, Vic.

HOMES OR CAGES?

WHY do some people when furnishing make their homes look like showrooms?

I think tidiness can be carried too far when it means hiding a favorite book and keeping the daily papers out of sight.

Many homes are not havens, but gilded cages, where one may sleep and eat, and find comfort elsewhere.

Audrey E. Mostley, 37 Denham St., Bondi, N.S.W.

PARENTS AT PICNICS

RECENTLY at school picnics in country centres I have noticed that the eldest child in a large family is compelled to look after the youngest while the mother sits talking to a friend.

Picnics are arranged for the children's enjoyment, and it does not seem fair for a child to have to mind the baby all day while other children are playing.

H. McGregor, 53 Norman St., Rockhampton, Qld.

SORRY—BUT YOU'RE WRONG!



PAINTING YOUR NAILS IS NOT
A NEW IDEA — CLEOPATRA
PAINTED HER NAILS



INHALING CAMPHOR WILL NOT
PREVENT DISEASE



SCARING IS NO CURE FOR
HICCUPS



INDIGESTION IS NOT
NECESSARILY CAUSED BY
BOLTING FOOD



BUT INDIGESTION DOES START WITH EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH

Indigestion is caused by worry, fear, excitement, nerves, emotional stress—All of these things start the overflow of acid in the stomach. That's why Bisurated Magnesia stops indigestion in five minutes. Bisurated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises this burning excess acid, gives instant and lasting relief. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies—only 2/6 the large, and 1/9 the standard size.

84

BURNS



Treat promptly with
IODEX

A nurse says:—"Iodex is the best application for burns I have ever used. One patient described it as 'truly wonderful the way it takes the burn out of it.'"

*IODEX has 101 First Aid uses and should be in every home.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

SUFFERERS FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schoyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schoyler, which safely devitalizes and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 2/9 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Italian Pty. Ltd., 316 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lill Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 232 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 40

MOLLY met me at the station in Manitou. We had the feeling she and I often have, that even if you could talk as fast as the French you wouldn't get out all the ideas in your head. Molly had fixed things so we could room together in Selfridge Hall, and worked out a schedule of everything we had to do.

We rushed round from registrar to dean and physical examination and course enrolment and some goofy quiz in I.Q. The idea of that was to show how little scholarly aptitude you have before college takes hold of you.

We carried all our junk up three flights. Molly said the original name of the place was Prairie Manual Labor College and we were living up to it. We had all our stuff arranged and Uncle and Auntie down to look it over while most of the other girls were still waiting for the matron to tell them what to do. Molly was a born decorator, she made our room look swell with our special mascots on each bed. Hers was a Winnie Pooh that was definitely super, she'd picked it up in Chicago and nobody else at Manitou had seen one yet.

I had studied the catalogue so carefully that when Dean Bascom gave us her opening blast on Ethics for College Women it seems like old stuff.

It was a good talk. I can hear Bascom telling us all what we were going to learn in our academic career. There was self-control, and democratic social relations, an itemised budget and not too much lipstick. She had all the answers in the back of the book. What sounded most educational was something called Extracurricular Load. Molly whispered, that means carrying your stuff upstairs.

It was a big time to be starting at Prairie. The college had just figured out culture into streamlined units, and was sort of air-conditioning itself. Respect for tradition with a

forward look was the idea. Looking forward there was the new library, just finished; we went and looked at it in reverence and thought of all the fine books we were going to read. Looking backward was the original Sitting Room of Old Founders which was kept just the way it was when Abe Lincoln sat in a rocking-chair and figured out a debate he was going to make.

The fees were paid, and the notebooks bought, and all the freshmen took a drag at a cigarette in the smoking-room just opened for women. The historical pageant was to take place next day, several hundred in costume, and even the Q railroad promised to throw a little less soot on the campus, for one afternoon. Molly and I were up in the room, wearing our new kimonos and feeling pretty bohemian and top of the world. There was a frightful roar outside and a hunk of raw cabbage came whistling through the open window and a paste of ancient carrots flopped on the sill.

Some of the boys had amused themselves by loading up the old Civil War cannon that stood on the lawn outside pointing right at Selfridge Hall. They filled it with dead vegetables, packed in a big charge of gunpowder, and touched her off. The front of the building was a regular salad, a lot of windows were busted and of course we thought it was a gallant and care-free touch. While the girls were all running round in a thrill of outrage and Mrs. Bascom was roaring the Dean of Men on the phone, my telegram arrived. It was from Mac. Pop had a stroke and I better come home at once.

It's right that you don't know beforehand how much you love anything. You don't know till too late, and then because it's too late you've got too much sense to think about it too much.

The Q depot at Manitou, for in-



In
Vintage
Tones

WINE blanket cloth coat with an inset of three graduating shades of purple adding interest to the waistline. To it Norman Hartnell adds a tiny, forward-tilted hat in matching felt.



stance. Nearly always when I took a train at that station it was burning hot weather. You look out from under the shed and see the tracks all run together in a glitter of heat; especially if you've got wetness in your eyes.

Eyes are the last things that dry up. I noticed that with Pop. It was terrible the way he'd lie there, not able to talk, but his eyes wide open and every once in a while one eye would get wet with tears. We always thought his mind was working same as usual, but it couldn't come through in words, so he'd cry a little.

Mac wanted to have him shaved, thought he'd be more comfortable, but when the barber came into the room Pop looked terrible and groaned so I made them go away. For a long time Pop couldn't do much but groan and growl, but when he came out with a good sweat we knew he was getting better.

I'm thinking now of the Q depot. Uncle and Auntie drove me down to the train and Molly came. Of course we were kidding ourselves that I'd be back and I guess maybe I thought so too. Aunt Hattie was in such a skrimish about my catching the train she spilled lavender water all over her blouse, you could scarcely notice the old soot and cinders of the depot and even the sandwiches and chicken legs she packed for me smelled of lavender.

The toughest part of all that long trip was the ride from Manitou to Chicago. Not so far out of Chicago the train stops at Aurora, and something happened that was very important for me. I felt mighty blue, naturally, not only about poor old Pop but about having to rip up and quit college.

Just after we pulled out of Aurora I noticed a lady in the vestibule trying to open the door into the car. She was carrying a wirehair terrier under one arm, a suitcase and a bunch of flowers in the other, and had set down a smart-looking black hatbox. I was busy with my own thinking and sort of said to myself, Let someone else help her. There were plenty of men who could have done it. But no one did, and I was ashamed to let her keep wrestling with the door so I hopped up and opened it for her and grabbed her suitcase.

She was very grateful. She said in a French accent she had a wrangle with the conductor on account of the dog. The conductor said he must ride in the baggage, and she wouldn't stand for it. He was only a pup and she didn't want him frightened. Then the conductor said she could take him back to the smoker, but no one offered to help and she was struggling through the train with her stuff.

Please turn to page 43

At 50,
I'm still my
husband's
sweetheart!



A FEW YEARS AGO MY MARRIAGE NEARLY WENT ON THE ROCKS. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, JOHN DIDN'T COME HOME FOR DINNER.



I HASTILY ACCUSED HIM OF OTHER WOMEN AND THAT CAUSED MORE AND MORE ARGUMENTS.



IT WAS MY BEST FRIEND SHEILA WHO HINTED AT B.O. I WAS TERRIBLY ANNOYED BUT IT MADE ME THINK...



FROM THEN ON, I TOOK NO RISKS... ALWAYS LIFEBOUY FOR ME IN MY DAILY BATH.



IT WAS OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY LAST WEEK... JOHN BOUGHT PEARLS FOR HIS 50-YEAR-OLD 'BEST GIRL'.



Only one way to steer clear of "B.O."

Don't make the mistake of thinking that just any soap can stop "B.O."! Lifebuoy is the one and only soap specially made to neutralise the elements that cause offence. And there's sheer delight in a Lifebuoy bath or shower. Try it—you get a generous-sized cake for your money.

LIFEBUOY its clean fragrance vanishes
... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.5/11.17.



It's a dogman's life! Risky... and cold. But Peter Collins has been at this game a long time—he knows all the dodges. Cold? "Too right!" says Peter, "but I keep a flask of hot Bonox handy. That keeps out the cold." Flu? "Not me," says Peter, "hot Bonox looks after that." Yes, Bonox will help you to keep your head above the flu line. Bonox keeps up your resistance and guards against flu and cold germs, because Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your bloodstream. Drink a steaming hot cup of Bonox every day. Cafes, hotels and milk bars are serving it now. Drink it at home too. Buy some on your way home to-night. Take it steaming hot before bed.

I STILL don't understand why all the men in the car didn't run to open that door for her; except that maybe she looks so competent you know there isn't anything she can't manage. I think the first thing I noticed, as I carried her bags through for her, was the red heels on her slippers. They exactly matched her lips and fingernails and the dog's collar and leash. As I've often said to her since, I'm surprised Phui's nails weren't varnished red too.

She pulled out a little red enamel box which was a combination compact and cigarette case. She offered me a smoke but I was too bashful, also I wanted to get back to my own seat on account of my stuff and it was only a few minutes to the terminal. I asked if I could help her when we got there, but she said no, there would be a porter. When I saw her going through the big hall at Union Station the redcap made the final note in that little color-scheme.

Uncle had wired a reservation for me on the Limited. As that long afternoon darkened I felt terribly sad about everything and I guess I was crying and trying to hide it by turning my head toward the window on one of those fat little white pillows they give you. Not exactly crying, I don't cry easily, I wish I did; but just what Wyn calls drizzling a bit. Then somebody was speaking to me. It was the same lady.

"But it's my little friend. Something is wrong? You help me, now I help you."

She sat down in my section and I got a whiff of that wonderful faint sweetness-with-a-sing. Everyone knows it now, the Olympia, she named it for that picture we have in the office. Just then it hurt, and for a moment I lost control. I just blubbered.

"You smell like the front porch at home," I said. Of course I was thinking of that cold cream and brandy loveliness of the old white rambler, and Pop creaking in his wicker chair.

I guess it was one of the silliest things I ever said, and one of the most eventful. She told me afterwards it showed I had "educated feelings."

She sat quiet and just looked at me. Even in my Scotch-Irish mist I could see her checking over all my Mode in Paris freshman outfit and my poor little smitch of lipstick which I'd just started to use.

"You come in my boudoir," she said, "and tell me all about it. Then we will have dinner. I was on my way to the restaurant car."

She had the drawing-room at the other end of the same car. It was incredible what she had done to that

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 42

little place. It smelled like her, it looked like her, and she even had the porter calling her Madame. She must have paid someone a notorious tip because she had the upper berth made up for Phui. You could hardly see the ugly green and cocoa-colored settee for pretty negligees and a dressing-case.

It's grand when you're on a spot to have somebody take charge. I gaped at her, I guess, but she was quite calm and commanding. "You go and sit over on that seat," she said. She put a towel round my neck and went over me. She took off my hat and brushed my hair, touched me up with some sort of Cologne, washed off the lipstick and did it over with her own.

"Now," she said, "we take dinner in here and we talk. But first regard yourself in the glass."

If I was thinking anything I suppose I had a dumb feeling this is the kind of thing that doesn't happen. But I was still human enough to be wondering what I looked like. I hope I always am. It seemed almost a pity not to be going into the diner where people could see me. The right kind of sachet and freshener and lipstick can do more than theology for most of us.

"Tell me, then," she said. "And we eat some soup. Soup and cosmetics, they cure anything."

I tried to. I told her about the old man, and about Griscom Street, and Manitou, and how I had just got steamed up about getting an education and now I would never go through college. As I talked I could see Phui's paws hanging down over the edge of the berth above, and the perfume came in waves from Delphine's silk things hanging alongside us over the settee. Phui whined after a while and at some station, Crestline, maybe, we got out and took him for a walk alongside the train.

"Phui go to bed, you go to bed, we go to bed all three," she said as we got back on the train. I could see the porter admiring the red heels as she stepped up on the yellow footstool. "Don't you worry. Your old man, he has had the good life and the happy life, he is more lucky than he knows. Remember, there is much education that doesn't happen in colleges. I give you my card, some day you come and see me in New York."

That was the way I first met Delphine Detalle. I did want to tell her how I felt, but all I could say was, "I wish I had done better with Abbe Constantin." That gave her a big laugh.

"Even Abbe Constantin did not know it all," she said. "There is a

great deal of living and if you are worth while you get hurt. There is an American advice, Be yourself."

That little flash faded just the way the perfume faded from my fingers as soon as I got back to Griscom Street. Delphine has something in her formula that keeps it from sticking. She always says a perfume must evanesce; she makes a cunning little hiss as she says it. "Keety, parfum is like an emotion; it must know how to say good-bye. You must be able to get rid of same when the mood changes. Can you say that for me in the language of advertising, not more than ten words, please."

The minute I saw dear old Pop everything else went out of my mind. He was pretty sick. Some kind of blood-clot had been travelling round his system and landed in his speech centre.

"I can't make out what he wants to say," Mac warned me. "Something about an owl. Crazy stuff. He mumbles so I can't get it."

Pop opened his eyes and looked at me vacantly. He was in the big brass bed in the front bedroom. In forty years he had worn a hollow in one side of it.

"Owl," he whispered. "Wise old owl."

I knew right away what he was thinking. I was near bawling, but I managed to grin and say it:

A wise old owl sat on an oak, And the more he saw the less he spoke.

I said this into his ear and it hurt me that his beard smelt of medicine instead of whiskey. He nodded and his eyes brightened. "That's right. Wise old owl, sat on oak. Good girl, Kitty. Kitty wise old owl."

That was a rhyme he used to quote to me when I was a kid. "Fine for you," said Mac when we went downstairs. "Gee, I thought I'd go mad trying to figure what he wanted."

"I never should have gone away. It was selfish of me."

"DON'T be silly, kid. The old man wanted you to go."

"You go on home and look after Martha," I said. They were expecting a baby. "This is my job."

Maybe I really was good medicine for Pop, the way Dr. Bartrum said. After a few days we were able to let the nurse go. Dr. Bartrum said it was remarkable what a comeback he was making; but remember, he added, at sixty-seven you don't come back all the way. Don't let him get excited, keep him in bed as much as you can. If he wants to go downstairs after lunch it's all right.

We soon got into routine. Myrtle was wonderful. Pop minded her better than anyone else. Getting him downstairs was a problem; if it wasn't done just right he got jittery. Myrtle used to take him sort of pickaback on her broad shoulders. "Honeychile, you don't spend all dese yeas at de wash-tubs wid-out gettin' hefty."

He liked to sit in the kitchen so we put the old wicker chair in the corner where he could see out the little window and watch what Myrtle took out of the ice-chest. He'd stay there for hours while Myrtle went on working, talking or crooning to herself. Once in a while his eye would study the pantry cupboard where the whisky bottle used to be. "Mister, you don't need to speculate dat closet any mo'. Ain' nothin' there but groceries, ain' no whisky."

Maybe sick people would all live longer if they sat in kitchens. There's something alive about a kitchen, the way it smells and sounds and feels. Afternoons I was in my bedroom upstairs working on the typewriter, I'd hear Myrtle mumbing away and once in a while Pop answer back.

"No, suh, cullud folks don't drink the way white folks does. Dey don't need to drink dat way, cullud people's heart ain't sunk so far down. Don't need to fish fo' it wid whisky." Pop says something I don't hear, and Myrtle cracks right back: "Don't you holler fer Miss Kitty, let dat honeychile get on wid her wuhk. Mister, don't you black-woman me, old black woman takin' good care of you."

Please turn to page 44



END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no griping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning, you act . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Figsen

FOR CONSTIPATION

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it 4 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

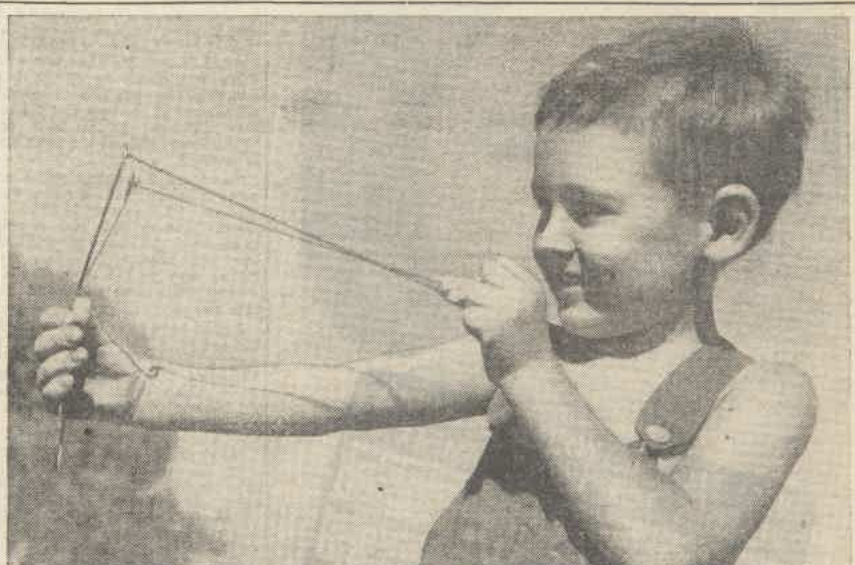
YOU MUST USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Your finest safeguard against BLEMISHED SKIN

Being a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, Cuticura serves a twofold purpose. It keeps your skin gloriously clear and rosy in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; while its silky, emollient lather refines and beautifies coarse, sallow skin, making it smooth and supple as velvet. Start using this 2-purpose beauty soap today — it will endow you with a new peach bloom loveliness, radiant with health. If you have a tendency to pimples or skin eruptions, apply Cuticura Ointment. Its antiseptic action heals in a surprisingly short time. After the bath, Cuticura Talcum is delightfully soothing and refreshing.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS



ARE YOU PLANNING YOUR SON'S FUTURE?

You can arrange that he will have £200 (or £500) when he is 21, even though you die meanwhile.

FOR a quarterly outlay, so small that you will not notice it, you can ensure that your son will have the money to go to the University when he is ready. Or you can arrange that he will receive a given sum—say, £200, £500, or whatnot—when he is 21, or 25, or of any age you nominate. You can arrange that these benefits will come to him even if you die meanwhile, even if you die a week after you arrange them.

You could do no finer thing for your boy than ensure to him the best possible education. No finer thing. A few shillings a week will do it; a few shillings that you will never miss. Let us give you particulars to-day. Ask that we send a man to talk to you with you; or, if you prefer, ask that we send you a copy of a book called "Peace of Mind"; a book that should give you a new vision of your family's future. Write or phone to-day.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

SIR SAMUEL HORDERN, K.B.E., Chairman of the Principal Board.
A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager and Actuary.
C. M. MARTIN, Chief Inspector and Secretary.
A. E. WEBB, Manager for New South Wales.
HEAD OFFICE: 81 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.
District Offices throughout all States.
New Zealand Office: Customhouse Quay, Wellington.



**WEARS!
WEARS!
WEARS!**

●The new Cutex is the result of a quarter century of research for the most durable, longest-wearing nail polish possible to modern science. Based on a new principle, slightly thicker than ordinary nail polishes, Cutex Salon Polish gives days and days of added wear.

Ask to see the newest polish shades, Cameo a fragile soft pink, "Gadabout" a red-pink of bright hue, and "Hijinks" a clear real red. These are only three of a "style-right" range of many shades.

CUTEX
Salon Polish



YES! I'LL TELL YOU 6 SPLENDID REASONS FOR USING TAMPAX —

- 1** Tampax is the MODERN sanitary protection — worn INTERNALLY.
- 2** A DOCTOR invented it — doctors support it.
- 3** Quickly, daintily inserted and removed — instantly disposable.
- 4** So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it.
- 5** Nothing to show. No belts — no pins — no pads. And no odour.
- 6** Stays firmly in place even during active exercise.



HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 11d.; packet of 6, 1/9; large economical-size packet of 10, 2/5. Easy instructions enclosed. Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere — or use coupon.

Distributors: Hillhouse Pty. Ltd., all Capital Cities and N.Z.

TAMPAX
Sanitary Protection
WORN INTERNALLY

SEND 11d. in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 900 GG, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 972, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 1053H, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 750F, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 6497, G.P.O., Perth. Box 13, P.O., Hobart.

Name _____
Address _____
DWW284

For lovely hair.
FREE OFFER
3d. packet of famous Camellia Tinture sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 43

MORNING, while he was still asleep, I hurried to the Maggie Street Station and took the L. downtown to business school. I got in three hours' class-work before noon, then called up to see if everything was all right. Myrtle always had things under control. There was a little gang of us from the school had a drug-store lunch together on Market Street. Every way of life seems to have its own drink; our shorthand squad specialised on black-and-white sodas.

We were all pretty serious about it, also pretty discouraged by the time we got to diphthongs and disjoined suffixes. That's when you find yourself dreaming shorthand and wake up figuring out the symbol for Indianapolis or San Francisco. Or maybe you fell into a daze in class and trying to catch up you take a page of dictation on top of what you wrote already. Then you're dished.

Being in the half time crowd, after lunch I did a little shopping and got home about the time Pop came downstairs. If the weather was good we helped him out in the yard. Sometimes from the window upstairs I practised taking down his and Myrtle's conversation, to work up speed.

I got my school work done in between this and that. Of course I had to transcribe the dictation they'd given us in the morning, and do exercises and abbreviations and copy out symbols for special business phrases. After Myrtle went home I'd get supper, maybe read to Pop a while or we'd listen to the radio, sometimes Mac and Martha came over from Tio's.

Pop got quite lively about bedtime and liked to talk about things that had happened to him.

No matter how sore the old guy got me sometimes, I admit he was always good company. Some of his stories he told too often, and Mac and I would wink at each other to hear him buki them up as he went along. They always got better.

It must have been funny to see me trying to ease the old man off to bed, because I'd be tired by ten o'clock when he was feeling talkative. I read him the sleepest thing I could find in the "Ledger," where there was plenty to choose from, but they only put him in mind of adventures of his own and I'd pass into a stupor. At last he'd say: "Well, Kitty, give me the three steps of decency."

That's the three steps you're supposed to go along with a friend who's leaving. I'd help him upstairs and fill his pipe so he'd have it ready to smoke in the morning — and likely burn more holes in the sheets. Then I'd go back to the typewriter and wonder what those shorthand symbols meant.

I must have been rather a solemn old owl for a kid of eighteen. But I knew that if and when anything happened the pension would stop, there wasn't much insurance, and I'd have to be ready to work.

Molly and I don't see each other often enough nowadays, and it's a grief to us. Once in a while she mails me anything she finds in the papers that strikes her as funny, and I do the same. Somehow you find more of it in Chicago papers though. She gets some good laughs out of the advertising.

Kidding the world, like we both do in our jobs now, is a lonely kind of fun and I don't think women are exactly cut out for it.

Molly says that because we have to be smart kidding the customers we don't have to take ourselves for a ride. She sells them the latest trick in stylised interiors; settees made out of nickel pipes or padded bar-room stools. Every time she puts over a streamlined living-room on some rich dame she figures there's another man been fooled. He'll come down from his downtown clowning, she says, and won't have a chair to sit in. That's as much fun to her as big game hunting. She sees a big charge account on the skyline, heavy with bone as a moose, and she drills it right through the forehead.

Molly says her racket is cleaner than mine because she only cripples the man and I work direct on the women. "What you sell them, you fend, is the idea of staying young. It isn't fair."

I tell her all about what a great chemist Mr. Detaile is, and how our face powder is exploded so fine it

can be blown through silk, and she just laughs.

I'm not trying to justify anything. I'm just thinking. Sure, I know it's an attempt to make things so complicated you won't remember how simple they might be. If any of my customers came in my bathroom wouldn't they be shocked because I don't use the things I sell 'em? I can stuff a dame's toilet cabinet so full of gadgets she's afraid to open the mirror for fear they'll all fall out. And my own equipment? A box of salt and a bottle of cologne and a jar of cleansing cream.

This, when I work for the great Delphine. To think she has been over here fifteen years now and made a fortune out of her products.

But, Molly says, you always tell me how different Delphine is. She's not the least bit like an American.

T

RUE enough. Usually I haven't the least idea what she thinks about outside business. She wears the most perfect mask. There must be something behind it. Isn't that the only reason for wearing a mask, you've got something behind it you want to conceal?

Molly says maybe not. Wearing a mask can get to be a career in itself. If you take it off you may find there's nothing there. What a thought.

I can't imagine anything about Delphine being less than perfect. Her figure, hair, clothes, make-up, all fit to drive any other woman crazy. But what for? That funny little deaf husband of hers? It can't have any allure of mystery for him, he's her chemist, he knows the formula for all the products. I wonder what they talk about? I guess they have the French passion for a balanced budget.

I'll never forget the first time I went to dinner with her and Mr.

Animal Antics



"Say... I want to exchange Lizzie here for a couple of good laying hens."

Detaile. I was dressed up in my best, but the sight of Delphine, poised and perfectly groomed, set me staring in admiration.

The minute you get inside their Park Avenue apartment you know you're in a special world. Everything a bit shiny, a bit flimsy, a bit fragrant, perfect manners. Even in her last rag of underwear I can't imagine Delphine less than formal. Even Pful so well bathed and plucked you could imagine him wearing little striped pants and button shoes.

She must be over fifty but I swear you wouldn't put her past thirty-five. Unless you got very close, and no one is likely to.

Molly says maybe that's the perfect score; to build up such a front it gets to be your whole life.

To be continued

The Modern Miss



takes
Beecham's
Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box

The Homemaker

April 26, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

FLOWERS . . .

that are easy to grow

● Some flowering plants require a lot of attention; their care makes considerable demands on our gardening time, but there are others—real labor-savers that can be planted now.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

THEY may be so weak-stemmed as to need careful staking, so rampant that they take up more than their fair share of room and have to be kept within bounds, or so inclined to seed that the dead flowers have to be constantly picked to enable fresh ones to develop.

Among them are many that the gardener cannot well do without, for their absence would leave many blanks. We therefore condone their weaknesses and frailties, but they rob us of far more time than we can afford to spend in their culture.

But, as I said earlier, there are many others which one might almost say are well able to look after themselves, remaining tidy with a minimum of attention.

Such plants stay put more or less, have firm, upright stems and habits of growth, and need no support or tying up. They have also long flowering periods, their blooms last well, do not fade quickly, thus de-

tracting from their appearance, and provide the very busy man and woman with ample time to devote to more urgent gardening matters.

While such plants are not so numerous without making a search for them, we can list the iris with all its wonderful varieties as Public Friend No. 1.

I am talking this time of the fibrous or rhizomatous irises and not those that grow from bulbs, although neither variety needs tying up.

The fibrous irises, flags or any other fancy name you have for this family, will remain in one position for two or three years without requiring division, provided the soil is rich.

The German iris, given that name without due regard to its actual geographical habitat, for it came from Persia originally, is one of the best.

The English flags, too, are very colorful, and like their fellow countrymen "Over There" they can take it, no matter how adverse circumstances are, and unless positively starved for food and water will



A RIOT of irises photographed on the Floral Mile at Berkshire. The lovely and sturdy blooms are planted in serried blocks at right angles to the road.

always flower even in smoky industrial gardening areas.

The lovely day lily (*hemerocallis*) is another plant that you can set out in the garden and forget. It grows bigger and more floriferous every year, and the more you leave it alone (beyond cutting back the spent flowering stems and trimming off dead leaves) the better it likes you.

Few parts of Australia are unsuitable to irises and day lilies except the tropical parts, and I have even seen the day lily flowering well in North Queensland, but I don't know how the iris would behave up there.

Then comes the perennial phlox. Readers tell me that they flower well at Cairns (North Queensland), and I have seen them painting the landscape in every other State of the Commonwealth, as far south as Tasmania; therefore, they are plants for practically everybody.

Pure whites, reds, pinks, maroon, and a variety of twin shades—pink and white, red and white, and pink and red—can be obtained in this easy-to-grow flower.

Like the day lily and a certain movie star, they like to be alone, or at least left alone. They produce fine masses of colorful blooms on long stems if planted in small clumps in rich soil.

Every two or three years, however, they need dividing, otherwise they become too crowded, but such attention would not annoy anyone but the very laziest of gardeners, therefore I include them in the labor-saving class.

Brilliant colors

THE scarlet *lychnis chalcedonica* is on my list of labor-savers. It makes as vivid a splash of color as any salvia, which I also include among those that do not mind working for the gardener without pay for months of the year.

The giant sea lavender (*statice latifolia*) does well along the seaboard from Rockhampton in the north to Launceston in the south, and will even flower well inland provided it is given sandy soil and a little salt once in a while to make up for the loss of the ozone and sea spray.

Heuchera or coral bells, pretty little border plants that flower in spring and autumn, must be included in this list, also gerberas, although this South African plant does not do too well in the cooler parts of Australia unless afforded protection from cold winds and frosts.

But the gerberas do wonderfully well in the hot spots, and as they are almost continuously in flower—if the gardener buys plants of varying ages and sizes—and need nothing much more than an occasional trimming up of spent stems and dead leaves, they are definitely labor and time savers.

Others that I can thoroughly recommend to the man or woman

who loves flowers but cannot afford a lot of time to their care are astilbes (a species of spiraea), which bear pale and richly-colored plumes of flowers, the flowering fern or corydalis, most of the rudbeckias,

the helentums, the purple geranium, and veronica longifolia, one of the best blue flowers.

Talking of rudbeckias reminds me that the best of this family is speciosa.

No more ... COUGHING or sleepless nights..

Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mrs. A. Brookman.

Mrs. Brookman says: "I had a very bad cold following on illness. I could not sleep at night for coughing. But since I have taken Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture I have been able to have a good night's rest without coughing."

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy cold Canada. It's powerful acting. It's the most swift, positive remedy you can get. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. Get a bottle to-day at any chemist or store.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Clifton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

What wouldn't You Give to be SLIM Again

If you imagine that slimming is a tedious business—involving tiresome exercises and special diets—you're very much out of date.

The modern, safe, simple and sure way of slimming—with improved health—is a couple of Bile Beans nightly. These purely vegetable pills act gently and naturally; they break up and disperse surplus fat and ensure regular daily elimination.

With that gradual attainment of longed-for slimmness comes the perfect health and fitness that Bile Beans bring to all who take them regularly.

BILE BEANS

Safely Remove That Excess Fat

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



"Often I am asked how I manage to keep my figure so slim and attractive. My secret is simply Bile Beans—taken regularly. They also help me to retain my youthful appearance and vitality."

—Mrs. R. Doren.

"Dieting and exercising had little, if any, effect, but by taking Bile Beans nightly I have steadily got rid of my unwanted fat. Up to now, I'm a slimmer, less and fatter, and better in health and spirits than for a long time."

—Mrs. E. Biles.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT!
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



YES!
MAKE
COFFEE
WITH
MUSTARD!

Only one-eighth teaspoonful of Keen's in brewing coffee for 6 cups, but it brings out the perfect flavour you want! Use it once and hear the family say "The coffee's extra good this time!" But be sure you use KEEN'S Mustard.



KEEN'S
D.S.F. **Mustard**

VIM
brings back
lustre to pots
& pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY

Miss Precious Minutes says

BEFORE applying furniture cream to a polished table wash the surface with a damp, tepid chamols leather and dry thoroughly. This gives a much brighter result, with no greasy marks to be seen.

INSTEAD of starching curtains to stiffen them, add a tablespoon of methylated spirit to each gallon of rinsing water; they can then be dried, ironed, and hung again in a much shorter time.

DIP cold meat-pies in and out of cold water before re-heating them and they will be as crisp and juicy as when freshly cooked.

IF you wish to keep a posy of fresh flowers for any length of time, sprinkle lightly with water, cover loosely with waxed paper and place in refrigerator or ice-chest. This will preserve their delightful appearance for a few days.

DON'T discard an old soft hair-brush; wash it well, keep it out of the dust, and when you wash and dry your glassware give a final polish with the brush. It polishes quicker and with better results than with a cloth.

USE pieces of chamols cut from old gloves and perfumed with your favorite scent for giving fragrance to your lingerie drawer. Chamols holds perfume longer than any other material.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: Don't put your fur coat away in the cupboard — fresh air and light scare away the moths. Lucille Ball, RKO star, wears a stunning silver fox model.

FAVORITE RECIPES

from our readers

● First prize in our fascinating best recipe competition goes to grilled grapefruit with stuffed bacon rolls. You, too, can enter this contest. Simply send us your pet recipe and maybe you'll win a cash prize for it.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is given for every other recipe published.

GRILLED GRAPEFRUIT WITH STUFFED BACON ROLLS

Cut in halves as many grapefruit as required (allow 1 grapefruit for each serving), pink edges, separate sections from skin, and cut out centre and all membrane.

Cover halves with brown sugar and grill till nicely browned. Serve with stuffed bacon rolls. Split and wash four lamb's kidneys, remove centre cores and mince with 1 small peeled onion. Add 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and a grate of nutmeg.

Bind with a well-beaten egg, lay mixture on slices of bacon, roll up and secure with toothpicks. Bake in a medium oven about 25 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Olive Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

SNOWBALL APPLES

Allow 1 cooking apple to each person. Peel and core them and fill with fruit mincemeat. Sprinkle top with sugar and brush over with butter to prevent drying.

Place in a glass baking dish, and add a syrup made of 1lb. brown sugar and a little water. Cook slowly in moderate oven and baste occasionally.

When cooked, spread meringue made by whipping the white of egg stiffly and adding a little sugar. Return to oven for a few minutes to dry, but do not brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

SAVORY CHOPS

One pound loin chops, bacon and breadcrumbs.

Make stuffing with fine breadcrumbs, chopped parsley or dried herbs, salt, pepper, and 1 egg.

Place a small piece of bacon (about two inches in length) on each chop, then a layer of stuffing. Keep adding in this manner until all is used. Join together with skewer and bake about 1½ hours.

Serve very hot with brown gravy. Is nice served with mint sauce, too.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Hazel M. Doyle, Bauple, via Tiaro, Qld.

KIDNEYS IN POTATO NESTS

Mash 1lb. boiled potatoes with 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon warmed milk, little salt and pepper.

Shape into nests and place in a fireproof dish. Cook in a hot oven until a golden brown. Cut 2 or 3 sheep's kidneys into small pieces, sprinkle with flour, pepper, and salt. Slammer until tender in butter, add 1 dessertspoonful flour, a little browning essence, salt and pepper. Fill potato nests with hot kidneys and gravy. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. J. Dennis, Red Hill, S.A.

CHANTILLY POTATOES

Two cups hot, mashed potatoes, 1 cup hot milk, 2 level tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, 1 cup chopped ham, 1 cup cream, 1 cup shredded cheese, salt and pepper.

Thoroughly mix potatoes, milk, butter and seasonings to taste. Pile on a glass oven dish and sprinkle over chopped ham. Whip cream, add cheese and seasonings. Spread over ham. Place in a hot oven and bake 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

CARAMEL APPLES

Take three ripe apples, cut in halves and remove cores. Place one stoned date where core came from. Prepare a paste of 1lb. flour, 1lb. butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Sift flour and powder, add pinch of salt, rub butter in until mixture is crumbly. Mix with sufficient cold water to make a firm paste.

Divide this into six portions. Roll out each piece of paste and place half an apple with flat side down on paste.

Mould paste level over apple, doing six portions the same, then place in a deep dish.

Cream one cup of brown sugar with 2oz. of butter, add 1 cup hot water. Stir well and pour over apple puffs. Bake 1 hour, basting occasionally with the caramel.

Serve with a good custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. McVicar, 2 Ewinton St., Balmain, N.S.W.

PRINCETON ORANGE CAKE

Four ounces butter, 2 eggs, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. cornflour, grated rind of an orange, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 6oz. flour, 3 tablespoons orange juice.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks and beat well. Add grated rind, sift flours with baking powder and a pinch of salt, and add alternately with orange juice.

Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Stir till a smooth, soft batter is formed, then put into a lined cake tin and bake in a moderate oven till done. When cold, ice top with orange icing.

For orange icing, add grated rind of an orange to 2oz. sifted icing sugar. Mix well with a wooden spoon, add another 4 or 6oz. sifted icing sugar, and enough strained orange juice (about 2 tablespoons) to form a firm icing.

Beat well, then spread quickly on the cake. Decorate top with sections of orange if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. L. Brown, Bag 13, Ceduna, S.A.

SHRIMP AND ONION SUPREME WITH SAVORY ALMOND BALLS

Cook 12 small white onions until tender, drain. Use 2 cupfuls of either cooked, fresh or tinned shrimps, and with a pointed knife remove black vein running down back of shrimps.

Melt 3½ tablespoons butter in double boiler. Add 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon celery salt, and stir until well blended. Add 3 cups of milk and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick. Cover, and cook again for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Beat 2 egg-yolks slightly and slowly stir sauce into them. Return to double boiler. Cook, stir for 2 minutes, add the shrimps and onions, and turn into a shallow serving dish. Arrange a border of mashed potatoes around edge of dish and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in a moderate oven and cook until crisp and brown.

Blanch 2 dozen Jordan almonds, slice finely. Dry in a warm oven till crisp, shaking to prevent sticking. Take 2½ cups mashed potatoes, add 3 tablespoons grated cheese, mashing in well, with one of the beaten egg-whites. Roll by dessertspoonfuls into balls. Roll these in the remaining egg-white, then in the almond splinters. Wet fry in a basket for a few seconds, drain on kitchen paper. Serve with fish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Dell, 32 Splatt St., Swan Hill, Vic.

YOU CAN DO 2½ HOURS IRONING -



-ON ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR

ONE SINGLE
HELPING OF
KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES
PROVIDES
MORE ENERGY
VALUE THAN:-



3 EGGS OR



5 SAUSAGES OR



3 HELPINGS OF FISH

When you recover from your surprise that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes provides as much energy as two or three everyday breakfasts, make for your grocery list and write Kellogg's Corn Flakes on it. Corn is extra rich in energy value and Kellogg's put the very choicest white Australian corn into Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

And this delicious breakfast which packs so much energy value takes only thirty seconds to prepare. Think of it Mother — no more greasy breakfast pots and dishes when you start serving Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They're a breakfast in themselves.

ONE PLATEFUL OF
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES
PROVIDES A BOY OF TEN
WITH ENOUGH ENERGY
TO RIDE A BIKE FOR
13 MILES



Kellogg's give you back the full value for your money in quality

EVAN WILLIAMS *Essential* to hair health! **SHAMPOO.**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to H. G. Turney & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Cold Entrées

FOR those busy days when you haven't much time to spend in the kitchen, cold meats with salads or hot vegetables are the answer to the menu problem. But even such makeshift courses can be made attractive to look at, appealing to the palate and satisfying to the appetite.

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



A PART from the saving of time and cooking, cold entrées are a pleasant change for lunch or dinner.

Usually, cold dishes can be prepared beforehand—the day before or in the morning—which leaves you free for other things almost up to dinner time.

A little planning and forethought are essential, of course. For instance, remember that joints cooked for slicing and serving cold should be slightly on the rare or underdone side.

Glazing with jellied meat glaze as soon as they are cool will help to keep them moist. The meat glaze is a well-reduced and flavored gelatinous stock.

When making cold meats into

moulded combination dishes, care must be taken to give a piquant but not too sharp flavor.

The cook should practise with care the skilful use of herbs and spices, flavoring sauces and ketchups, mustard and eschalot.

Allow to cool before storing in the refrigerator or airy meat safe.

TOMATO ASPIC MEAT LOAF

One pint clear aspic, 1 pint tomato aspic, 1 lb. minced veal or lamb, 1 lb. minced salted pork, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped eschalot, parsley and red pimento or tomato, 1 cup mayonnaise.

Set a thin layer of clear aspic jelly in the bottom of a greased loaf tin or mould. On top arrange a floral pattern with red pimento, tomato, and parsley. Cover care-

fully with a thin layer of aspic jelly. When set cover with mayonnaise to which has been added 1 cup clear aspic and allow to set. Then add remainder of aspic jelly to which have been added minced meats, Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley and eschalot. Allow to set and pour on, filling mould with tomato aspic. When set unmould and serve with salad greens.

Tomato Aspic: 1 pint good clear stock, 3 tomatoes, 1 clove, 1 bay leaf, 1 doz. peppercorns, 1 blade mace, 1 sprig mint, pepper and salt to taste, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Slice tomatoes and simmer with stock and herbs for 15 minutes. Rub through hair sieve and reheat, dissolving gelatine in mixture and adding lemon juice.

SAVORY LIVER LOAF

One lamb's liver, 2 slices salted pork about 1 in. thick, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/8th teaspoon pepper.

Wipe liver with damp cloth, cover with boiling water, and stand for 10 minutes. Drain and dry. Mince pork and liver and combine with breadcrumbs, parsley, minced onion, salt and pepper, and beaten egg. Pack into greased and crumbed loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Serve cold in slices with green salad.

LUNCHEON SAUSAGE

One and a half pounds minced beef, 1 lb. minced pork, 3 sheep's tongues, 1 or 2 eggs, 3 dessertspoons ketchup, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped eschalot, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons browned crumbs.

Cook, skin and mince tongues and combine with other ingredients. Tie in a roll in parchment paper or pudding cloth and plunge into boiling water and simmer for 3 hours. Remove from cloth while still warm and roll in browned breadcrumbs. Chill before serving.

MOCK CHICKEN GELATINE

Two cups white breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups finely-minced cooked veal or rabbit, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon finely-minced eschalot, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch cayenne, 2 tablespoons browned crumbs.

Heat milk and pour over breadcrumbs, standing for 1 hour. Beat eggs well and add to crumbs, and stir in veal, carrots and eschalot and season to taste. Tie in a roll in parchment paper or pudding cloth and steam for 1 1/2 hours. Remove when still warm from cloth and roll in crumbs. Chill and serve in slices with green salad.

TOMATO ASPIC MEAT LOAF. This attractive-looking dish is made with cold cooked minced meats, set in aspic jelly. The scarlet poinsettia design can be made with pieces of red pimento or tomato and parsley. The mould is served on a big dish surrounded with salad greens, lettuce, tomato, asparagus, etc.

SHE KNOWS

CREAMOATA COOKS QUICKER!

Thousands of clever Australian housewives have solved the problem of the last-minute breakfast rush with CREAMOATA, the fastest cooking most nourishing breakfast food money can buy. For Dad, Creamoata is the best foundation for a hard day's work. For the kids, Creamoata is the certain way to prevent malnutrition. AND three big plates cost only ONE PENNY.

Creamoata contains three times the nourishment of fast eggs, twice that of hot stock, and has more value than any other cereal.

5 MINUTES FROM PACKET TO PLATE!

SERGEANT DAN

CREAMOATA & 'DIMPLE OATIES'

DIGEST QUICKER

HAVE MORE VITAMINS

DO NOT HEAT THE BLOOD



THE FAVOURITE ROSELLA TOMATO SAUCE



Australia's choice with every meat course. It's a dash of Rosella Tomato Sauce.

The sauce with the true tomato flavor. You'll also enjoy Rosella Relish, Fruit Chutney, French Mustard Sauce, Spiced Sauce.

also Rosella WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



**★ LONG
Curled
LASHES
in
30 DAYS!**

In thirty days you can grow long, curled, silky lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED by Thousands!
No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silky fringe. If obtainable locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme, Dept. C, Box 2246, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Le Charme
EYELASH GROWER**

Permanent HAIR REMOVER
Hair on chin, cheeks, legs, etc., positively REMOVED, and the ROOTS DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. If obtainable locally, 8/- post free from Le Charme, Box 2246, G.P.O., Sydney.

The Doctor Tells You What to do ABOUT ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

PATIENT: Doctor, I know how important it is that artificial respiration should be started immediately in some cases of emergency, and I think everyone should know how to meet such an emergency. Would you show me how to perform artificial respiration?

DOCTOR: You are very wise, Miss Anderson, to ask me this. By so doing you may some day save a life. Many persons apparently dead from drowning, from electric shock, or from the effect of poisonous gases such as coal gas and the exhaust of a car engine may be saved if natural breathing is stimulated by means of artificial respiration.

Also, not all victims of drowning, shock, or gas poisoning can be resuscitated, but unless it is beyond doubt that rigor mortis (stiffening in death) has set in, artificial respiration should always be attempted. In many cases breathing has been restored only after several hours of artificial respiration.

The first thing is to remember that speed is essential. If the victim is not breathing, start artificial respiration at the earliest moment possible. Don't lose a second. Any delay is dangerous and may mean the death of your patient.

Don't drag or carry him far. Don't pause to fan him or loosen his clothing. Don't dash water in his face or try to give him a drink. If possible, send for help, but don't wait for a doctor or a policeman or an

TURN the patient's head to one side to ensure a free passage of air, and make sure that the tongue does not fall back.



FIG. 1

**OH BOY!
I CAN HARDLY STOP EATING
DIPPED CREAM
WAFERS**



**MAKE THESE
DIPPED CREAM WAFERS
AT
YOUR NEXT PARTY!**

5 ozs. Fine Coconut (2 cups)
8 ozs. Icing Sugar
2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoonsful)
8 ozs. Copha (Malted) ½ lb. Cream Wafers

Melt the Copha and pour on to the mixed dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. While the mixture is still warm, dip or spread the cream wafers thinly, place on greaseproof paper and leave in cold place until set.

**COPHA MAKES
EVERYTHING MORE
DIGESTIBLE**

Cut out and paste in
your recipe book.

No COOKING NEEDED

Dipped Cream Wafers . . . melting little morsels that you can make with Copha in only 5 minutes. No cooking needed at all! This pure, all-vegetable shortening mixes so easily and has no greasy flavour of its own to hide the goodness of your other ingredients. Buy the economical 1-lb. packet of Copha and use it whenever you need shortening. It keeps fresh till you need it.



Free

a book containing 100 recipes from E.O.J. Box No. 2425 E.E. G.P.O. Sydney.

COPHA
The pure all-vegetable shortening
for more digestible dishes



THE FIVE charming Dionne sisters off to school. They are in first grade and the schoolroom at the nursery is presided over by a full-time teacher. Brother and sister Daniel and Pauline are classmates.

ambulance to arrive. Don't stop if they do arrive.

Now for the actual method of procedure—

First, lay the patient front downwards, one arm extended directly overhead and the other bent at elbow, with face to one side, resting on the hand or forearm so that nose and mouth are free for breathing. (Figure 1.)

Then kneel, straddling the patient's hips with knees just below the patient's hip-bones. Bend your body slightly forward so that the weight of your shoulders can be brought into play. (Figure 2.)

Place the palms of your hands on the small of the back with your fingers over the ribs, the little finger just touching the lowest rib and the thumbs parallel to the middle line of the back, the tips of the fingers just out of sight.

Next, while counting "one, two," and with arms held straight, swing forward slowly so that the weight of your body is gradually, but not vio-



FIG. 2

STRADDLE the patient's hips and place the palms of your hands on the small of the back, with your fingers over the ribs. If natural breathing stops after being restored, apply artificial respiration again. Watch your patient carefully and continuously.



FIG. 3

COUNT "one, two" and swing body slowly forward, applying pressure. On the count of "three," swing back and remove pressure.

lently, brought to bear upon the patient. (Figure 3.)

This should take from two to three seconds.

While counting "three," swing backward so as to remove the pressure, thus returning to position shown in Figure 2. It is during this time that air is drawn into the lungs. While counting "four and five" rest.

Repeat these operations, deliberately swinging forward and backward 10 to 15 times a minute—a complete respiration in four or five seconds. Keep time with your own breathing.

As soon as artificial respiration has been started, and while it is being continued, an assistant should loosen any tight clothing about the patient's neck, chest, or waist. Make sure that the tongue is forward and keep the patient warm.

Continue artificial respiration without interruption until natural breathing is restored—for three or four hours if necessary. If natural breathing stops after being restored, apply artificial respiration again. Watch your patient carefully and continuously. When he is conscious he may be given hot, strong, black coffee. Keep him quiet and lying down, and do not give alcohol.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Some difficulties connected with natural feeding

BREAST feeding is recognised as the safest, the best, the most economical and the ideal method of infant feeding.

However, difficulties sometimes occur even with babies who are naturally fed, and a baby will sometimes refuse to nurse at the breast.

This is very distressing to the young mother and the worry will soon cause her milk supply to diminish.

A leaflet describing these difficulties has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

BEAUTY in the wind . . .

If you're an outdoor girl, you will find that wintry weather plays havoc with your skin, but follow these simple rules and your beauty need not be gone with the wind.

By JANETTE



RIDING WITH the wind whipping against the face is bad for sensitive skin. Madge Evans solves the problem by applying a special oily make-up.



SKI-ING IS synonymous with long days in the open, cutting winds, burning snow, and, if you are not careful, chapped skin. This lass has massaged olive oil into her skin before applying powder, and wisely protects her eyes from the glare.



ENGLISH STAR MARGARET LOCKWOOD is an ardent winter sports enthusiast. She keeps her complexion soft and lovely with weekly massage and careful attention to make-up.

THOSE icy winds are enemies of glamor—they make your eyes water, redden your nose and chap your skin—those winds mean that you've got to start a special beauty care right away if you want to keep your skin soft and smooth right through the winter.

Of course, you should never, never forget to use a foundation on your face under your powder. Even the best powders are drying and the double effect of powder and wind on your skin will make ugly red chapped patches on your face. Use one which contains a lot of oil, and put it on generously and then apply the powder very lightly over it.

When you get in after a day out in the wind, spread a good thick layer of a rich, oily skin food all over your face before getting into your bath.

Then if you're going straight to bed, just wipe away the surface cream so that you don't look too shiny, but leave on enough to keep your skin moist and well fed through the night.

If your lips get cracked with the cold, paint them with a little glycerine till the crack has healed, and avoid using lipstick for a day or two. Watch yourself for a habit of moistening your lips with your tongue, as that's often the cause of chapped lips.

Red nose problem

A RED nose, if it's not caused by indigestion, is the result of a bad circulation. But if you get the circulation right in the rest of your body you'll find the redness will disappear from your nose as well. Just three or four exercises, simple ones like the cabby's way of keeping warm by swinging his arms across his chest, skipping and touching your toes, done for five minutes every day, will warm you up thoroughly.

Ankles get chapped very largely because they are so thinly protected from the wind by your fine silk stockings.

Make quite sure that you dry your legs properly after your bath, and pour a little talcum powder into each palm and rub it on to your skin. When you get five minutes for a special treatment, rub your ankles well with a little olive oil, rubbing and smoothing and massaging till every drop of the oil has been absorbed into the dry skin. If you are going out soon afterwards, a little dusting of talc powder will prevent the oil from staining your stockings.

Hands are a bigger problem because, as well as the cold wind, they have to endure constant dippings in and out of water. Make sure that you dry them properly each time, won't you? Half the battle is in having a perfectly dry rough towel to do the job.

Massage your fingers well with oil when you can spare five minutes, and tuck them away in gloves so that the oil can soak in undisturbed.

The Beautiful Tango by Bedgood



PATENTED INSTEP FEATURE

For war-time economy wardrobes, fashion authorities advise "courts". Neat and slender, they are correct with every costume. And . . . thanks to Bedgood . . . every woman can wear them. The patented flexible instep eliminates instep pinch. All wanted leathers . . . high or medium heels.

The flexible instep ensures fit and comfort . . . eliminating instep pinch.



Bedgood Friendly Footwear

Suag Sykk
lingerie

KITTEN-WARM
and looks enchanting!
Modern, windproof
with a sleek silky
surface, yet soft and
very near your skin.

are made with the famous
Evalastic
PERMANENT
WAISTBAND

PYJAMAS
PANTEES
BLOOMERS

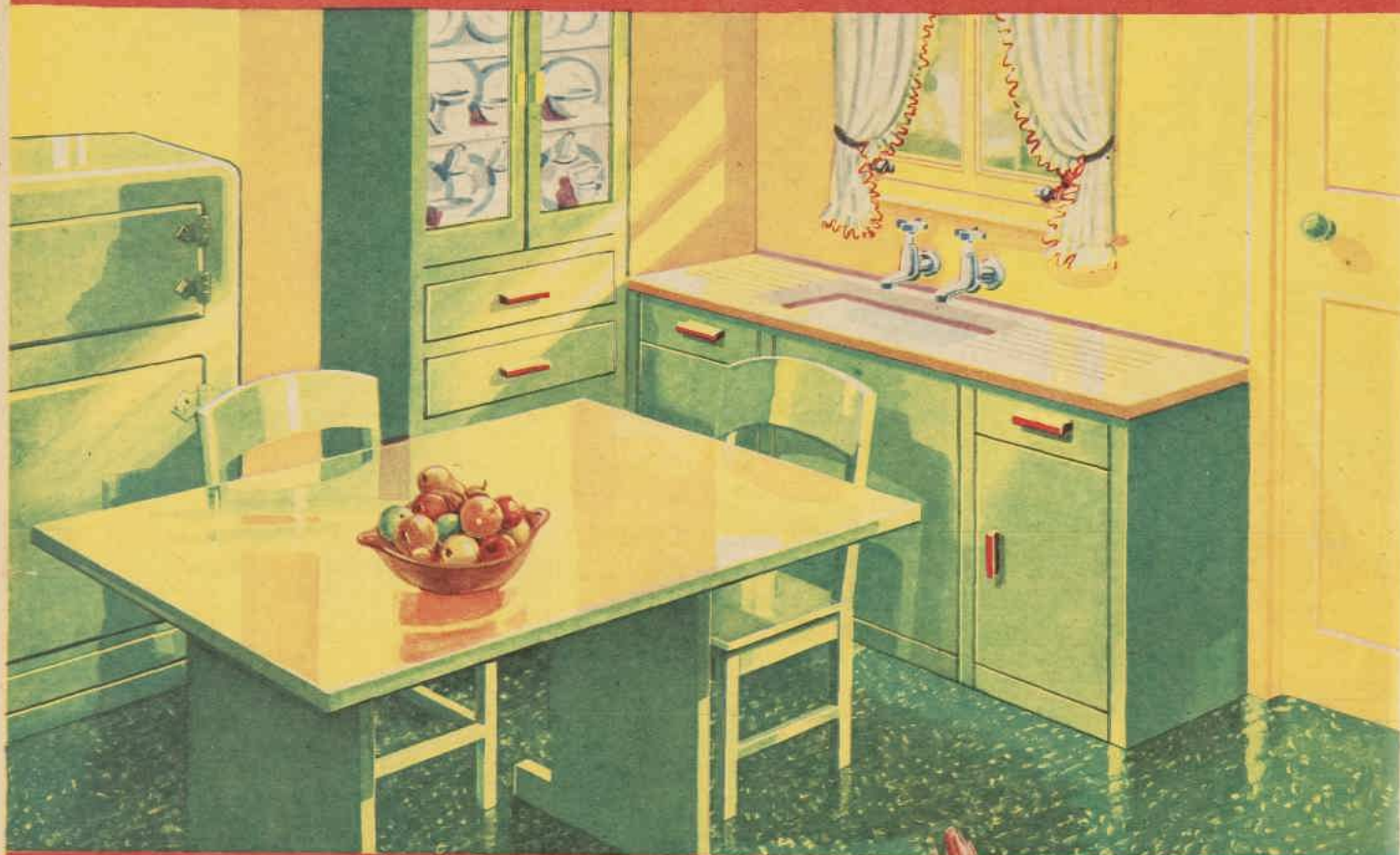
All good stores stock Evalastic Underwear. Write us and we will tell you the name of the one nearest to you.

E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD.
27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, CL.

I got this dream kitchen



- with DYNAMEL and SOLPAH ★



★ Once I started to Dynamel the furniture I found out that it was child's play! So I went on and did the doors and window-sill. And finished up by Dynamelling the walls as well. Just Dynamel a chair for a start—and I'll bet you won't stop until you finish up with a Dynamelled dream kitchen like mine.



See this stippled linoleum. I did that, too. Quite easy. First of all I gave my shabby old lino a coat of green Solpah. When it was dry I got the stippled effect by dipping a small piece of sponge in Cream Solpah and then dabbing it lightly over the green base.

ANYONE CAN
DO A GOOD JOB
WITH DYNAMEL
DRIES TWICE AS
FAST—TWICE
AS HARD!



SOLPAH WEARS LIKE IRON on all walked on surfaces! Its high gloss finish can be scrubbed in a jiff! Seventeen colours!

DYNAMEL IS BETTER THAN ENAMEL. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. Never a streak. Never a brushmark. You get a mirror-smooth finish first time. Thirty lovely colours.

FREE!

TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anna Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney. Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colourful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

A65

OLD-WORLD COMFORT

● Modern housewives are staging a revolt against ultra-streamlined furniture — against surrealistic touches in the home, and there's a welcome swing back to comfort and charm and sentiment.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR



● Restful living-room done like an early American ranch-house with knotty pine walls and beam ceilings. Built-in bookcases and gay curtains and covers add to its charm.

● White panelled wood walls provide a perfect background for the faintly Old-World furnishings of this room. A huge open fire and copper ornaments add further enchantment.



● A quaint dining-room which effectively teams American maple and Victorian furniture. The woodwork is deep cream and the frankly old-fashioned wallpaper features sprays of pastel flowers on a matching cream ground.

No Mystery about this BEAUTY TREATMENT

Make and keep your complexion lovelier than ever before, by the simple "Corinne" care. clever women practise regularly. "Corinne" Rose Cream, rare, NATURAL emulsion, nourishes the deep tissues of the skin, gives YOU the perfect complexion women envy and men adore.

At Chemists and Beauty Stores
Bottles 2/6 and 1/-; Tubes 1/6.

Corinne ROSE CREAM
THE ONE POWDER BASE THAT BEAUTIFIES



HERE'S an undeniable strain in our lives today, and nerves are taut . . . so more and more people are appreciating the delicious relaxation which a cleverly and tastefully furnished home can bring.

Look at the three charming rooms photographed on this page—they might have been cut from your grandmother's album, yet they possess a restful serenity and harmony of line which are regrettably rare in modern decor.

Chairs and couches are designed with an eye to comfort, and further enhanced with plump, chintz-covered cushions.

Soft colorings like russet-browns, blues, greens, and yellows provide an effective foil for pale panelled walls, or papered walls done in quaint pastel flowers, or lovely knotty pine walls like the picture at the top of the page.

Everything is styled with studied care to promote an air of security and well-being.



You're a **Chump** if you let another woman steal your man!



MARY: "You're losing the town's most eligible bachelor! What's wrong, Jane?"
JANE: "It's my job. Decorating keeps me on my feet, and they get so tired and sore that I just don't have any pep left."



MARY: "For goodness sake . . . don't let your feet spoil your fun! You're always admiring my Selby Arch Preservers, so why don't you try on a pair?"
JANE: "Maybe you're right. I'll try them on right now!"



JANE: "How can such beautiful shoes be so comfortable?"
SALESMAN: "Selby Arch Preservers have the exclusive comfort features that rest your feet and keep you from tiring."



TOM: "Darling, will you give up decorating other people's houses to decorate a home for us?"

JANE: "Oh, Tom, I'd love it! (To herself) I must thank Mary for tipping me off to Selby Arch Preservers!"



MURIAL—High rat slip-on with stitch treatment.



SHELLEY—Beautiful tie shown in contrasting materials.



MARLINE—The novel braid trim lends unusual charm to this tie.



FRANCHOT—Soft kid with punch-trimming.

DRESS YOUR FEET FOR LIVING . . . IN

Selby **ARCH PRESERVER** Shoes

MADE BY Selby . . . THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAME IN WOMEN'S SHOES

SELBY SHOES
(AUSTRALIA) LTD.
53 Renwick St., Redfern
SYDNEY

FREE! "How to walk." An amazingly interesting book by Alma Archer, America's famous authority on smartness. Write to Selby Shoes (Australia) Ltd., 53 Renwick Street, Redfern, Sydney.

YOU SAID...

"It must cling for hours"



So we made this Powder to your order !

Here's the one face powder that is really made to your orders! We went into thousands of Australian homes and asked thousands of women, just like yourself, this question. "If you could have your powder made to order, what features would you want most?" And this is what they said. "Give us a face powder that—1. Has the softest, finest texture possible. 2. Really clings for

hours and hours. 3. Is glare-proof so that it flatters the skin in bright sunlight or under hard electric lights. 4. And give us a really wide choice of skin tones."

Now here it is! Pond's Face Powder. The only powder which gives you all these things—just the way you want them. Six smart shades to choose from. Pond's Face Powder is sold at all chemists and stores, and is made by the makers of the famous Pond's Creams.

- 1 CLINGS FOR HOURS
- 2 SOFTEST
TEXTURE OF ALL
- 3 IT'S GLARE-PROOF
- 4 WIDE CHOICE
OF SKIN TONES



POND'S FACE POWDER

NEW AND IMPROVED

Choose your shade from the range
at your local chemist or store.

Made by the makers of Pond's Famous Creams